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THE MESSENGER.

VOL. XL.

MARCH, 1914.

No. 6

THE MARCH OF SOULS.

T. Christian, '14.

Blow, winds of March!
Strip from the oak the last of last year's leaves!
There is no hurt, the leaves have lived their day.
Blow, winds of March, these useless leaves away.

So, in Thy Church,
Send down, O, Lord, we pray, a cleansing blast,
To sweep away things false and long outgrown,
Men's innovations, all things not Thine own.

And, like the oak,
Which stalwart stands, firm-rooted, strong, and sure,
And shows new life when freed from leaves outworn,
Thy Church shall stand, in Thy good time, re-born.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS AND VICINITY.

H. D. Coghill.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

PARIS is, perhaps, the city in the world most talked and written about, and yet it is surprising to know that few, if any, books presenting this fascinating subject have been written by Frenchmen. The Frenchman says, "Paris? Write about Paris? *Mon Dieu! Non! Non! C'est impossible!* Only you Americans and Englishmen, who have spent three days, three weeks, three months, or three years in Paris write about her! If one wants to know Paris, let him come and see!" And the book has yet to be written which will paint Paris as a beautiful whole, in her versatile attractiveness. It is as difficult to picture Paris to those who have never seen her as it is to describe an ocean sunrise to one who has never seen the light of day. As I belong to the "three weeks" class above mentioned, I shall attempt to give only some impressions.

My *compagnon de voyage* and I were peculiarly fortunate in having met in London a celebrated novelist, who makes his home at Versailles (twenty minutes' ride from Paris), and in receiving a cordial invitation to visit him there. It was not without adventure that we located our friend. We had spent the morning in Rouen, in the beautiful cathedrals there, and, leaving that city early in the afternoon, reached Paris sooner than our friend had anticipated. Our baggage had been inspected by the customs at Dieppe, but, as there is an inter-city inspection also, we had to convince the Paris inspectors that we had no liquors, cigarettes, live stock, etc., concealed in our luggage, before we could pass through the gates. We immediately took the train to Versailles, arriving there shortly before eighteen o'clock (French time). A *fiacre* carried us to our friend's door. After we had dismissed the driver, we were informed by the maid, amid many gesticu-

lations, that our friend had just left for the station, and, unless we overtook him before he caught the train, he would shortly be *en route* to Paris to meet us there. We boarded an electric car and whizzed back to the station. On the way, thinking that he had spied our friend, my companion jumped off the car to investigate, discovered it was somebody else's friend, waved his error, and I sped on to the *gare*. Arriving at the *gare*, in my mad hurry, I forgot the rules, and, dashing through the crowd, passed in by the "exit" while the ticket collector's back was turned. The train was just leaving. I raced down the line of coaches, but my search was vain. Returning, I tried to get out by the same door I had entered. But this time the Cerberus was on guard, and demanded my *billet*. Then I realized my error. All passengers are required to surrender their tickets, not on the train, but only upon leaving the *gare* at destination. I was in a trap, and didn't wish to have to pay in coin for my experience, and, also, I saw an opportunity to test my French. In very bad French, apologizing for my very bad French, I tried to explain that I didn't happen to have a ticket. Eyeing me suspiciously, the official said money would do. I shook my head, and fired a volley of explanations in English, to which he replied with a broadside of interjections, adjectives, adverbs, superlatives, and what-not, in very excited French, meantime waving his arms and becoming more and more voluble. I racked my brains for a few nouns, an adjective or two, and a couple of verbs, and then shot a little "pidgin" French at him, saying that his back was turned when I entered, that I didn't have a *billet* for the very good reason that I had surrendered it only thirty minutes previous, and that I most assuredly would not pay my fare twice. But for some reason he did not understand. A *gendarme* was approaching. A vision of a term in a French prison confronted me. It would perhaps have been wiser if I had "come across" with the coin, but still I persisted, and, finally, in desperation, said, "I am only searching for a friend."

And I said it in fairly good French, I fancy. An expression of derision and of unutterable disgust stole over his face; he made a curious noise, something like this, "Brrrrrrrrrrr!!!" and grabbed for my collar. I ducked, passed under his arm, shot

through the door out into the street, and, mixing with the passers-by, walked casually along as though nothing had happened, and, at the corner, caught a timely electric car. I didn't breathe freely until the *gare* was lost to view, and the next time I went to Paris it was *via* another station. I afterwards learned that the *gare* is a rendezvous for the young dandies of Versailles when they are lonely and on the lookout for fair friends. And when I said, "I am only searching for a friend," the inflection was, perhaps, incorrect, and evidently the inference was.

My impressions of Paris were delightfully colored by the warm hospitality with which our friend received us, and the many thoughtful courtesies which he, out of the largeness of his heart, showered upon us. His home is only a stone's-throw from the palace and gardens of Versailles. Many a pleasant ramble we had together, through the beautiful gardens, over verdant slopes, past bubbling fountains and rows of statues here and there in the forests and in the open squares, and 'neath the long green Gothic arches formed by interlapping trees. And many a delightful hour we spent together in the Palace and in the big and little Trianons. To our friend we owe a vision of Versailles unknown to tourists at large, unknown even to many Frenchmen, and from his lips learned many a story of the times when the destinies of France were moulded in the gardens of Versailles.

To the casual visitor of a day who approaches the palace by the Place d'Armes and the Cour d'Honneur, and traverses the many halls filled with collections of curios, and of pictures of events from French history, portraits of French heroes, etc., and then, amid the jostling, peering, pushing throngs, views the dazzling play of many fountains, the gardens, with their broad terraces and long alleys, are imposing, but formal; but to one who has visited the gardens day after day, when there were no people to get in one's way, and a guide "without money and without price," but out of pure interest, to show the way through the maze of quaint alleys, paths, and by-cuts to hidden fountains and pleasant places in unknown or forgotten spots, the gardens are indeed beautiful, wonderful, incomparable.

We didn't go to Paris with the determination to see and "do" so many things per day. We never knew positively one

day what we intended doing the next. Had we acted differently, we might have looked at many more things, but really seen less. We were pliant to every mood, and, as fancy prompted, would walk the boulevards, sit in the parks, or to the Louvre we would go, lounge around a few hours, enjoying a few of the best pictures, and then take a walk along the banks of the Seine, dipping into the old books at the second-hand stalls lined up on the quays; or, late in the afternoon, stroll down the Champs Elysees, past the Arc de Triomphe to the Bois de Boulogne, where we would lie down on the emerald green grass near the edge of the lake, and watch the fashionable folk parading through the Bois in autos, *fiacres*, and *coupes*. And so we pleasantly drifted along, day after day, idly absorbing.

We were somewhat disappointed to discover that everywhere we went Parisians knew us for foreigners. We didn't go about with big fat money belts strapped to our waists, or opera glasses slung across our shoulders, or, with Baedeker in hand, publicly check off the things we had seen, meanwhile breathing a sigh of relief for one more thing "done." We never dragged around after guides, and admired things and places only when we were told to do so, or, packed like sardines in a "brake," toured the city, or attempted to "do" the Louvre in an hour and five minutes, Notre Dame in fifteen minutes, or to inspect the Venus de Milo in three minutes; and yet the Parisian never failed to spot us for foreigners, and conspire to amuse us, whether we would or no. We could not walk from the Madeleine to the Opera without being approached by picture post-card hawkers, and assailed every minute by "Guide, sir? Let me show *monsieur* the city." And did we promenade the Boulevard late in the evening, on every hand we found people anxious to contribute to our amusement—"Permit me to show *messieurs* a sight they have never seen before—the Paris that only a privileged few ever see," or "*Bon soir, messieurs; voulez-vous vous amusez?*" or "Come with me if you want to see the real Paris." These were the cries which saluted our ears from every quarter. To these invitations, at first, we replied with a negative shake of the head and a smile. They persisted. To the insistent males we gave emphatic noes, and, when that didn't work, we told them "*Allez au diable!*" having

learned in our French course that this phrase really means no more than "Chase yourself!" The fair would-be-guides we merely answered with a smile, "*Merci, non, non, non.*" The guides would sometimes follow us for a block or two before we could shake them, and, for the first few days, were a constant source of annoyance, but along about the third week they ceased to accost us. By this time they had evidently classed us as incorrigibles, and not worth the chase.

I suppose one of the most striking features of Paris life is presented by the Boulevards, which extend in a semi-circular line on the right side of the Seine. In all the better parts of the city they are lined with trees, seats, stalls, kiosks, and little advertisement-covered towers. And, mile after mile, are restaurants, cafes, shops, theatres, cinema palaces, and various other places of amusement, their character varying from the magnificence and luxurious elegance in the western Boulevard des Italiens to the extreme simplicity of the eastern Boulevards Beaumarchais and St. Denis.

We often took our recreation as the Parisian loves to take his—sitting in the "reserved seats on the sidewalk," under the striped awnings, sipping some cool drink for an hour or two, and, meanwhile, watching the stream of people passing by. Fashion and rags, virtue and vice, elegance and simplicity, elbow their way, sometimes side by side, and what a study in faces and costumes! Madame, or mademoiselle, modishly gowned, her face, in its exquisite beauty, free from betraying lines, accompanied by her faultlessly-dressed escort, dandified to the extreme; dreamy-eyed, stoop-shouldered *connoisseur*, with a second-hand book under either arm, his sack coat green with age; silk-hatted, frock-coated statesman-looking individual, meditating affairs of state; nervous, glassy-eyed, pasty-faced, would-be-guide to the unwary, a second-hand fashion plate; shriveled old news-woman, bundled in rags; vivacious artist, with a painting (copied from one of the old masters in the Louvre) under his arm; shambling, slip-shod, French soldier—poor figure of a man, in slouching red trousers, helmet, with long horse-hair streaming therefrom in his face, shod in long, black boots, unpolished; pretty American girl, with a mop of golden hair under a dainty

hat, accompanied by several tired-looking older persons; wicked little black-haired, theatrical person, dressed in fashion's most daring extreme, her trim figure temptingly displayed, devilishly alluring, her sparkling black eyes darting mischief-making glances; these, and a multitude of other types, greet one's eyes as one watches the passing throng.

(To be continued.)

ACCORDING TO RULES.

William Verner Hawkins.

“**I**F you are a maiden with golden hair, or even with tresses as dark as the midnight, just so the gods have planted a merry twinkle in your eye, and endowed you with a delectable, cherry spot of lips—come, and I shall love you—I, Haskiel.”

He of the twenty-one years said these words half to himself, half to the man at his side. The speaker, who was the younger of the two, felt and believed. The man at his side reasoned and doubted.

The man was a bachelor, so the girls tell us. And, if having lived thirty-two years without the domestic rudder of a wife brands him as such, let him bear the stigma of the name.

But not so with Haskiel; for, although yet unmarried, he was in love with everybody—with life itself, its song, its hilarity, its over-spilling joy. When at college he went about like a breeze—a breeze that never blew up a scholastic degree. And little did he care for a degree, or for the mental training to be derived in its acquisition. Was it not enough to be a recognized “star” in athletics? In all seasons the sporting page of the big Sunday edition of the city’s newspapers contained his picture, which is probably as much honor as a college student can stand, so as not to overthrow the laws of gravitation, fly heavenward, and knock the sparks out of the stars with his head.

But it had other compensations. The fact that Haskiel Hobson strode aloft as a crowned king of the sinew and brawn made him a favorite with the girls. They had seen his exploits on the gridiron and the diamond, and knew intuitively that he would some day conquer the world. And he knew they were watching him in the games, and that they tingled to their little pink pedestals when they saw him root the mighty earth with his nose. And he felt that if that same earth had been a ball covered with pig-skin, he could have yanked it away to the

remotest corner of the universe, and made a touch-down at her feet. That was Haskiel.

Haskiel's bachelor friend, whose name, at some previous time, appears to have been Jefferson Moore, but had since deteriorated into Jeb Moore, was different from Haskiel in his whole attitude toward life. They invariably disagreed on everything, and knew, beforehand, that they would disagree. The difference became a matter of fact. Haskiel often dropped into Jeb's bachelor quarters, and did so primarily to disagree with him on subjects which he wished to propound. These topics for discussion ranged from sawdust to matrimony, with probably a proclivity toward one—matrimony. On this subject Jeb Moore considered himself an authority, although only a silent observer.

"You are a typical college chap," he told Haskiel, when the latter had finished speaking. "You have no appreciation for relative values. You go into this love business for looks. Your animal spirits overcome your reason. You got that from your athletics. And you failed to see that all that athletic stuff is good for is to serve as a means to an end in giving you stamina with which to discipline your mind for life. You thought it was an end in itself. And, just because some little shallow piece of corseted hero worship got weak in the knees, and swore, by all the deities from Olympus to Pittsburg, that you were some sort of a dear, because you made a home run or won a twenty-yard dash, you think she is the sort of girl a man ought to marry."

"Now, don't get sore because you can't string one of the kiddies," Haskiel retorted. "If I were you I would change my tactics, after I had failed for thirty-two years. Get gay. Be a sport, old scout, for once. Don't look at life so everlastingly serious. Talk about the races, the shows, the hops, and all that. The lassies will appreciate it."

"Yes," argued Jeb; "that's just it. The kind of girls you admire take to that sort of stuff. But they are not the women who appreciate brains. I care nothing for their admiration; less for their love. I don't want to marry a woman who places a higher value upon the record run or the high jump of a college student than upon a brilliant mental production or business ability. Such a girl fails to use, as her standard of admiration,

that which primarily places man above the animals—viz., brains. A rabbit can run faster than a man; a fox or a kangaroo can beat him in a broad jump. And, if animal spirits, muscles, and ligaments make a man adorable, she ought to love these animals better than an athlete, who is surpassed by them at his own tricks. Just imagine, if you can, one of our modern parlor dolls, in dainty pumps and low neck, sitting back with a kangaroo in her home, and entertaining him by holding his lovely paws.”

Haskiel grinned, and felt for a cigarette.

“That argument shows just where your weakness lies,” Haskiel pointed out. “You are too exacting, logical, calculating, in everything. One can’t arm himself with mathematical formulas and set rules when he goes out to hunt a wife, like he selects bird-shot for game. He has to fall into it, so to speak, like he does into a ditch. A man doesn’t go out searching for a ditch when he falls into one. He just waits until he comes to it. He makes all of his cool observations and deductions as he crawls out. It’s just that way with marrying. You meet a girl by chance. After that you are with her time after time, without detecting any appreciable change in yourself, with the exception, perhaps, that you find yourself developing a weakness for moonlight, and discover that flowers and candy are taking a greater predominance in your existence. Then you wake up some lovely Sunday morning in June, with all the darned little birds singing outside of your bed-room window, and the honey-suckles sneaking in without knocking on the window-sill, and the busy bees whizzing—buzzing, I should have said—among the sweet-smelling flowers, and the proud family peacock—her family’s peacock—strutting across the old grassy lawn—well, you discover that there is a fairy-like creature in the bed-room with you on this particular June morning, which is fairly good evidence that you are somebody’s son-in-law.”

This philosophy of Haskiel only amused Jeb. He admitted, in his own mind, that most marriages took place in just such a hap-hazard way; but he did not consider them the successful ones. The common-sense marriage was what he wanted. To his mind it was the ideal union. Was it not, after all, a business proposition? Certainly he would not go about his business

without well-marked outlines of procedure. Why could not general rules guide one in choosing a life partner? Reason could be applied to that in the same way it guided him in buying goods for his firm. He did not wait until a bland salesman approached him with his stock arguments and persuasions before he decided what he wanted to buy. Rather, he figured out before-hand just what articles he wanted, and what qualities he desired in those articles. And such deliberate methods had rewarded him with a successful business. Even from the time he had associated himself with the firm, he had seen it grow, until its business had at least doubled its original amount. He was proud of it; proud of his forethought, his cool calculations, that had brought it about. These rules of business he considered not unlike constitutional government. It was setting down, in moments of composure, fixed rules to guide one when the moment of impulse might come. And could one not formulate broad rules for choosing a wife in the same manner? It would be in keeping with the order and method which he observed in all the other affairs of life. With this opinion in mind, he took a piece of paper from the table, and deliberately drew up the following:

RULES FOR CHOOSING A WIFE.

- (1) Reason shall determine my choice; not sentiment.
- (2) She must have common sense, if nothing else.
- (3) She must have the home instinct, and know how to care for children.
- (4) She must value brains above good looks and animal spirits.
- (5) As I am a brunette, she must be a blonde; the union would be more compatible.

When he had finished he read them over proudly, and put them on the table. In the meantime Haskiel had smoked in silence, and, with a squinted eye, was looking meditatively through the window.

Haskiel was the first to speak. "Say, Jeb," he began, "Lois Tanner told me to invite you to a lawn party to be held at her home to-morrow evening. Tom and Elsie will be there, and a bunch of girls from Carlton. They are visiting, and up for a

week, I understand. I knew them while at the University. Incidentally, I might add that I have spilt considerable ink over one of them. Meet them; look them over upon my recommendation. They are a swell lot. And if, by chance, you should find favor in the eyes of one of the lassies, give me credit for this act of charity. I will put them wise that you have a bunch of filthy lucre treasured up on earth for some mother-in-law to corrupt and a dear little wife to break through and steal."

The lawn party on the following evening was a social success for the village. The Tanners, as you know, live in the big white house, with the lightning rods, which you've seen on the right of the road just as you enter the village. I know you remember the big grove below the house. On this particular evening it was converted into a fairyland of soft lights.

When Jeb arrived he had a confused sensation of fluttering white dresses, music, and a din of conversation. He was a trifle late, owing to business at the store. Haskiel came forward in that semi-burlesque way of his, and introduced him to all of the ladies.

I guess we are not supposed to explain why Jeb and Marjory—Marjory Wells was one of the visiting girls—were sitting alone, only a few minutes later, on one of the rustic benches in a little leafy nook. I pass over it with the observation that lovers and rustic seats have always had an attraction for each other in pretty much the same way as ponds and ducks. For instance, here are two lovers. Yonder is an empty bench, looking at them with a hungry, suggestive void. These lovers experience a feeling of incongruity of relation or arrangement which causes them to gravitate naturally towards the bench. At any rate, Haskiel found them there an hour later, and complained of moonlight monopolies and cornering of the rustic seat.

Jeb found Marjory only mildly interesting. He studied her critically as he talked. He had always thought the average woman superficial at best. He decided that Marjory was no exception to the rule. More than once he tried to draw her out into a conversation about politics, science, ethics, and literature. He found her at a loss after she had exhausted a smattering of each. But on yachting and racing she was an authority. And

the number of house parties she had attended alarmed Jeb with their sheer waste of time. It took her half an hour to tell him about a mountain trip which she took the summer before. She shuddered with imaginary fear as she dragged Jeb up the dangerous mountain pass in the story, and came near wilting with exhaustion on his coat sleeve. He inched away a little from her enthusiasm toward the other end of the bench. After the dangerous ascent, she insisted that he go with her into the little white hotel of the story, just under the cliff; there he must meet the proprietor's daughter, who could scarcely speak English, and wore such a ridiculous little brown hat. Wasn't it wonderful! Then there were water-falls, and cliffs, and precipices. She wondered that he had not seen that particular spot, and commiserated the fact that his life was so barren as to have none of these rich experiences.

The lawn party was soon over. But there were other nights. And, as you know, summer nights have their moonlight. Moonlight has its romance. And romance—but perhaps you have been a victim yourself, and let us, therefore, not judge Jeb Moore too harshly.

Marjory and her friends stayed a fortnight with the Tanners, and Marjory was on the go all the time. If there was anything that she was passionately fond of it was driving on the country roads. So she told Jeb. Perhaps she did not know, at the time, that Jeb had a buggy and horse. But he did have, and that accounts for their trips together out over the surrounding country. Jeb would have told us that he went because Marjory requested him to go. We would have doubted it. But let us say, in his behalf, that he was only mildly interested in this girl. And, while it is true that he had been in her company much during her stay, yet it was because he had been thrown there.

One afternoon—it was the one previous to the day on which Marjory was to go away—they had made their daily excursion into the country. They went farther than usual—they knew not why. The road lay along the beautiful country side, a soothing picture of field and forest. The day was warm and bright, with the breath and smiles of May. The long, gray road led afar, and old Bay trotted on as if possessed with a diabolic ambition to travel to the ends of the earth.

In the hazy distance ahead of them rose a pale blue dream of mountains, interrupting the sleepy sky with wakeful peaks. It called them on. The wide world, with its bounteous freedom, had suddenly become theirs. Or had they not left the earth? No; for now and then a little bridge rumbled under the wheels, a cottage, a clump of trees, and a barking dog whirled by. And, as the sun swung lower in the heavens, a delicious breeze stole down from the distant mountain and played in Marjory's hair. She rebuked the stray curl with a correcting finger, and looked at Jeb. And old Bay jogged on towards the ends of the earth.

Having come to a wide place in the road, Marjory asked if they had not better turn back, and Jeb agreed. Half of the drive was over now; it might be their last drive together. And they were silent. The green trees along the road were silent, and stood with expectant leaves, listening for a breeze. Out of that silence two souls grew until they felt each other's presence, and met in recognition; for they were alone.

Marjory was sitting so close to Jeb that he felt strangely uncomfortable. But it was an uncomfortableness as pleasant as it was strange. A delicious siren pang cut into his heart as he looked into her eyes—a pang which he did not analyze, but one which he longed intensely to follow on to death. Maybe it was the magic spell of the place, perhaps the witchery of the moonlight, for the sun had set, and the big, round, young moon had risen and hung, for a moment, on the hill, in the jagged limbs of a black, silhouetted pine. Marjory sighed, with an intense pain of beauty, and, with parted lips, looked into his face. For a moment he forgot where he was. The lines dropped loosely upon the dash-board, and old Bay stopped in the middle of the road. He seized her, and kissed her hungrily, feverishly, time and again, and as many times smothered her in his arms. It was maddening, intoxicating, to his brain. It was the dewy love for which he had been perishing for thirty-two long years. He drank long and lingeringly, and it was good. After all, love was alive, and palpitated with warmth. Following this sensation, Jeb poured forth glowing declarations of love. He was a torrent, which, having been pent up for thirty-two years, had now broken forth, sweeping everything before it. He asked her to marry

him, repeatedly and unrestrainedly. He piled vow upon vow that he would make her happy. It was with difficulty that she withheld an immediate answer, but she plead with him to give her a little time. She promised to answer by letter next morning.

Stopping at the Tanner place just long enough to leave Marjory, Jeb rode on home. He drove slowly, and did so purposely that he might linger over the new sensation of love. Once he came very near running off the end of the little bridge at the turn of the road, so absorbed was he. Mechanically he took Bay out of the harness, and went to his room. He usually read a while at this hour, but to-night he forgot it, and retired. But sleep came not that way. Somehow the world was too interesting to forget. The objects in the room could be seen indistinctly in the faint moonlight which came through the partially-opened window. The table in the centre took on an exaggerated importance in his sub-consciousness, and formed a background of reality, against which he built the fanciful fabric of his imagination. Finally the table grew dimmer and more spiritual; he slept.

Jeb Moore awoke with a start the next morning. He noticed that he had a slight headache. He confusedly reviewed the events of the night before. Letting the window-shade up higher, he observed that it was cloudy, and a heavy mist was falling drearily. He dressed, bathed his face, and stood before the mirror combing his hair. It occurred to him that the visage in the glass was not his old acquaintance, Jeb Moore, but now Jeb Moore, the engaged. For was he not practically engaged? A sense of uneasiness crept over him. The move which he had taken looked more serious with the daylight. Indeed, he had made a momentous step in his life when he asked a woman to become his forever. With the day's business now before him, he was viewing the facts with his long-tutored business analysis. Reason had returned. With this attitude he began to reflect upon the causes that led him to propose to this girl. He was alarmed, and, at the same time, surprised to find that there was not a substantial reason that he could mention—not one. Then it must have been sentiment, the spell of the night, that caught him off guard, and caused him to yield to the one impulse of his

well-ordered life. With this discovery came disgust. It was the thing that he had always fought against. Sentiment was a weakness, and was never indulged in by strong-minded men. This one step dragged him down a victim of moonlight and of a sentimental girl. His pride was gone. The folks at the store would laugh at him. He could not face Haskiel with such conscious guilt.

By chance, Jeb happened to remember the rules for choosing a wife, which he had left on the table. He seized it desperately, hoping that it would bring equilibrium to his mind. He read critically:

"RULES FOR CHOOSING A WIFE.

"(1) Reason shall determine my choice; not sentiment."

He paused a moment to consider. He had to admit that reason had not entered into his choice. He read next:

"(2) She must have common sense, if nothing else." He measured Marjory Wells up to this standard, coolly and deliberately. Certainly Marjory did not impress him as being above the average woman in intelligence—in fact, coming to think of it, she was decidedly superficial. He passed on:

"(3) She must have the home instinct, and know how to care for children." Here he went over her conversation in his mind. He must conclude from it that she was not concerned with any great responsibilities and serious purposes in life. One by one he saw his illusions fade away. Then again:

"(4) She must value brains above good looks and animal spirits." Here, too, he could judge only by her attitude toward life. It was irresponsible, care-free, as manifested in her conversation. She exulted in the races, the songs, the clash of animal spirits, and in the sheer joy of being alive. She was not guided by any well-defined aim. His efforts to draw her into serious conversation had been in vain. There was only one chance left. He almost hoped that the next and last rule would vindicate his action. He read it eagerly:

"(5) As I am a brunette, she must be a blonde; the union would be more compatible."

"Must be a blonde!" he groaned. And could anybody be more distinctly brunette than Marjory? How distinctly he

could recall the large dark eyes, and the black, luxuriant hair. It was strange that he had not thought of it before. It was all illogical! She had been weighed in the balances and found wanting. He did not love her according to the rules, and rules could not lie.

Having fully decided that he had made a serious blunder, he tried to find consolation in the thought that she would not accept his proposal. But what were the probabilities here? He tried to put himself in her place, to see how she would regard his proposal. He would try to be unbiased in the matter. How would she view him? Well, his age was not so bad, after all. Doubtless she would not regard him as too old for her twenty-one years. He remembered an article which he had read, bearing on this very point. He looked it up. Yes, he was right; no doubt she would consider his age compatible. As to personal appearance, of course, he was not particularly handsome; but, to be frank, he considered himself fairly so. Certainly he was neither bald nor gray. Then she knew he had some money. Haskiel had told her that, no doubt, as he said he would. And he remembered too many instances where young girls had evidently married for money. Then he could certainly get no consolation there. A comfortable home would be an inducement, whether she appreciated his brains or intrinsic self or not.

Going over the situation thus, point by point, and trying to view it with an open mind, Jeb decided that the probabilities were overwhelmingly in favor of her accepting his proposal in her letter. He cursed the impulse that caused him to do such a rash thing. But that was too late now. What would be the outcome of it all? He was practically engaged. That must be admitted. Moreover, he was engaged to a girl that he could not—must not marry. He could never marry an illusion, a mere passing fancy, that caught him unawares. But no doubt Marjory was building hopes and dreams upon his proposal. He was still conscientious enough to see the injustice he had done her. When could he break the engagement? Certainly he could not do so at once. It would hurt her and appear irrational. He had never had any flirtations, but he knew that engagements were never broken in such an abrupt manner. Then it would

necessarily be a long drawn out affair. She would go away. He must write to her in a vein of sentiment, which he no longer felt, or, if he did not, she would detect his unconcern, and accuse him of inconstancy. He could never live it down. If he could just get out of the whole affair! Cold perspiration stood on his forehead, as he struggled with the situation.

Just then he happened to think that he had already missed his breakfast, and was due at the store. Also his watch reminded him that it was time for the morning mail. He hurried to the post-office, and, true to his expectation, found a neat little letter. He did not open it there, for fear he should betray his confusion to the public. He returned to his room, and closed the door. His hand trembled as he tore the end of the envelope, and his frame shook perceptibly. The letter ran thus:

"I was surprised at your proposal, and could not give you a satisfactory answer last night. I thought, perhaps, you knew, as I understand he is an intimate friend of yours. I am already engaged to Haskiel.

"MARJORY."

The letter dropped to the floor. He took one deep, satisfying breath of relief. He then picked the letter up and tore it into unrecognizable bits. From the table he took a soiled paper which bore the title, "Rules for Choosing a Wife." He held it for a moment in his hand, with a proud, endearing clutch. Then, folding it deliberately, painstakingly, he placed it snugly between the covers of his Bible.

DISAGREEMENT.

Robert L. Bausum, '17.

THE ACCUSATION.

'Tis not for that I would be gay,
 Nor yet so sad;
 I've come a long and rocky way,
 Alone and poorly clad.
 But, O, my life and all I'd give
 To know that he I love would live.
 I'd sing or dance,
 Or skip or play,
 To drive my lover's blues away.

I know 'tis hard to be forgot,
 To find him false you thought most true;
 To know your richest joys are not,
 When lovers trade and barter you.
 But I could stand it if I knew
 My pain would pull my lover through.
 I'd wear my cap
 And gayest gown,
 And play the fool
 Throughout the town.

But I have cheered him when alone,
 When battles raged and trumpets blew;
 His life was quickened with my own;
 His fiercest moments gentler grew.
 But now he spurns me in his pride,
 In need he vowed—in deed he lied!
 But he will learn,
 E'er yet the sun
 His course has run,
 Life's bitterest gall—a lover spurned.

* * * * *

THE REPLY.

You mock me with your riddled verse,
 But I don't care;
 Come take your leave, and keep your curse,
 And cease to stare.
 Like all fair faces, yours was wooed,
 Like all sweet voices, yours was sued;
 Now, silly prattler, you'd intrude—
 Come now, be gone!

I haven't heard the swallow sing
 For naught;
 I haven't seen the eagle wing
 When caught.
 If you had won me with your charm
 There'd not be cause for this alarm;
 Now come—my Joan of Arc—disarm,
 And quit your song!

Yet I am lonely, I'll admit—
 Sometimes—
 But I'm too busy now to quit
 My work for rhymes.
 I'm busy, child, so run away;
 I work by night, and toil by day,
 Yet hardly earn my meagre pay—
 The truth will out!

So, when my crops are gathered in,
 My ships in dock,
 The trains arrived, the mills made clean,
 And fat my stock—
 When I have nothing else to do
 But think and long, and dream of you,
 I'll call you back, and we will woo
 Some more.

* * * * *

So Father Time sits idly by,
And muses on this strange conceit;
Then murmurs, with a tear-filled eye,
"Youth's hard to beat!"
He makes a memo in his book,
Then, "Don't forget;
I tell you he will come around,
And love her yet!
For he would die without her song,
Without her peace he'd not be strong
Enough to bear the road so long.
'Twas so of old—and so 'twill be
He'll love her through eternity."

UNCLE RUFUS AND THE MULE.

G. W. Blume, '14.

“**H**EY dar, Rufus, yo’ no ’count, lazy, triffin’ niggah. Come on hyah an’ go ’long an’ hitch up ol’ Consolation to de cyart. I’s a-gwine t’ town fo’ ter sell some dis butter an’ aigs, an’ sech. ’Pears lak I done got ’bout ’nuff ’long wif dis gyarden sass ter git ma Easter contrapshuns. Doan’ stan’ thar all day, ’kase I’s ’bout ready now.”

Uncle Rufus, the white-headed old negro, who had obeyed the summons of Mammy Jane, carefully knocked the ashes from his pipe, gave an extra hitch to his suspenders, and ambled off toward the stable. Ten minutes later he again appeared, driving his one mule, Consolation, an antiquated animal, with a demure mouth, a wicked glint in his one good eye, and a villainous-looking pair of heels. Stopping in front of the cabin, Uncle Rufus called, “Come on hyah, Matildy Jane; I ain’t got no time fo’ t’ stan’ ’round waitin’ fo’ yo’ all day. Ef you’s ready, say so, an’ ef yo’ ain’t, say so.”

“Come in hyah, niggah, an’ help me out wif dese tings, an’ doan’ set dar gassin’ ’bout nothin’,” came the wrathful voice of Mammy Jane.

Thus admonished, Uncle Rufus climbed painfully down from the rickety old cart, and disappeared into the cabin. He soon emerged in the wake of his energetic spouse, his arms piled up to the chin with baskets and bundles. Several more trips were made, and, when the last “turn” had been brought, the cart was loaded with butter, eggs, vegetables, and a half dozen squawking chickens.

Mammy Jane clambered in with the nymph-like grace of an elephant, and Uncle Rufus followed.

The noise made by the chickens evidently annoyed Consolation, for he shook his head and lashed his tail spitefully.

“Woah dar; git up, mule,” urged Uncle Rufus, but Consolation refused to budge.

"Gid-dap hyah," yelled Uncle Rufus, reaching for his black snake; "I'se done tol' yuh t' go 'long onst."

"Lap 'im roun' de years," counseled Mammy Jane.

The black snake caught Consolation on the left ear with the report of a pistol, but he only shook his head the more emphatically.

"'Spose'n yuh git out 'n lead 'im," suggested Mammy Jane.

"I'se not a-gwine t' pester wif 'im much longer," grumbled Uncle Rufus, as he once more clambered slowly down.

"What yuh mean hyah, mule?" he questioned, taking Consolation by the bridle. "Yo' come along hyah now," he commanded, tugging at the bridle.

He might as well have pulled on the corner of his cabin.

Mammy Jane's wrath was rapidly rising. "Cyan't yuh mek 'im go?" she inquired, scornfully.

"'Pears lak he doan' want ter move," admitted Uncle Rufus.

"Well, den, twis' his tail."

"Huh!"

"Twis' his tail."

"Doan' know 'bout dat," said Uncle Rufus, in a dubious tone, "'kase he's pow'ful tetchous 'roun' dem pahts. He mought up an' bip me one."

"Look a-hyah, niggah; I ain't got no time fo' to be a settin' hyah holdin' dese aigs when we orter be in town a-sellin' dem. Is yuh gwine ter twis' his tail or is yuh not?"

Uncle Rufus scratched his woolly head thoughtfully. The two alternatives—Consolation's heels and Mammy Jane's wrath—left him in a sad predicament. Of the two evils, he chose the lesser. Cautiously approaching Consolation, he seized the switching member and gave it a vigorous twist. The action was partly successful. Consolation let drive with both hind feet, with an agility not to be expected of one of his years. One of the hoofs caught Uncle Rufus just south of the solar plexus, landing him in a bed of prickly cactus with a loud "Woof." He arose with remarkable alacrity, holding his injured stomach in a tight embrace, groaning as if he was suffering an attack of the cramp colic.

"Come on hyah, Rufus, an' doan' stan' dar a-cyarrying on

lak yo' wus daid," impatiently called Mammy Jane. "Git up hyah an' try 'im agin. He mought go after havin' his min' took off'n hisself. Come on, an' try 'im onst mo'."

Uncle Rufus clambered up with a groan for every movement, as he laboriously crawled into the cart. He slowly seated himself, but came up suddenly, with a yell that raised pandemonium among the chickens and nearly caused Mammy Jane to drop the basket of eggs she was holding in her lap to keep them from being broken by jarring. In his tumble into the cactus-bed several thorns had broken off and had remained in his clothing.

Once more Consolation was urged to make a start. Very few parts of his tough skin failed to receive a lashing from the stinging whip, but he remained steadfast in his tracks.

"What yuh a-gwine ter do now, Rufus?" questioned Mammy Jane.

"I dunno," said Uncle Rufus, mournfully, shaking his head. "I reckon we all better build a fire under him. Den he's got ter git."

Once more the old darky got down, and, going to the barn, returned with a huge pitch-fork of straw. This he lighted, and clambered back into the cart.

Soon the pile was blazing merrily, and the odor of burning hair mingled with the smoke of the straw. Consolation looked around enquiringly, and snuffed the air in a puzzled manner. Then, as the blaze began to warm up his digestive apparatus in an uncomfortable manner, he suddenly awoke to action. One jump carried him beyond the pile of blazing straw, another started him down the hill, and the chorus raised by Mammy Jane and the chickens completed his resolution to leave the place as quickly as possible. With both heels hitting the front of the cart at every jump, he tore down the hill at a rate surpassing any of his youthful achievements.

"Woah dar, mule; woah dar," yelled Uncle Rufus, sawing on the reins, but he might as well have tried to hold in a cyclone. Faster and faster they went, and, at each bump, chickens, butter, and vegetables shot out the rear of the cart, scattering in a confused trail behind, until only Uncle Rufus and Mammy Jane, tightly clutching her basket of eggs, were left.

"O, Lordy! O, Lordy!" moaned Mammy Jane; "we's a-gwine t' git killed daid fo' sho. Hol' 'im, Rufus; hol' 'im."

Uncle Rufus was doing his best, as, with hat gone and wildly-flapping coat-tails, he bounced a foot off the seat at every jump.

Right ahead a large rock reared up at the edge of a mud-hole. The cart wheel struck it fairly, and crumpled up like paper. The cart stuck, but Consolation went on. Uncle Rufus and Mammy Jane sailed through the air, and came down squarely in the middle of the puddle. From the basket those nine dozen eggs rose as with a single thought, and completely deluged Mammy Jane in a golden shower. Uncle Rufus, hopelessly stuck in the mud, turned around, and, seeing Mammy Jane, burst out in a loud laugh.

Injured dignity, anger, contempt, and indignation surged over Mammy Jane's countenance, as she demanded, in a choked and wrathful voice, "What fo' yuh laffin' at, niggah?"

Raising her basket, in which were several quarts of well-mixed eggs, she brought it down with telling force across the white head of Uncle Rufus, and, as the yellow mixture slowly trickled down his face, she added, "Who's a-lookin' funny now?"

COLLEGE SPIRITS.

M. Monteiro, '16.



WHENEVER there is going to be a game or a rally, or anything else which needs our help, an appeal is made to college spirit. You have become so used to the phrase that perhaps the idea never occurred to you that the speaker ought to have said college spirits, instead of college spirit. For each one of us has a college spirit of his very own, who came to us when we entered college, and has grown to be more like us than any one else. I thought perhaps you would like to know something about college spirits in general, and your own in particular.

Our college spirits have lived on our grounds, through all the changes it has undergone in its growth from forest to campus. During all this time they have not lost any of their sprite-like appearance, but have stayed tiny and graceful, with bright, child-like faces and mischievous ways to match. They dress a little differently from the way they did when they helped small Indian boys chase "molly cotton-tails" and partridges on this same piece of ground, for deer-skin coats and moccasins have been replaced by blue bloomers and red sweaters and caps. The sweaters have a big blue spider across the front, and on each shoulder a ridiculous downy white wing pokes through. The wings are for ornaments more than use, because the spirits are so light-hearted and light-toed that they don't stay on the ground much of the time.

Your particular spirit looks very much like you. In fact, that is why he picked you out. Each year the unattached spirits watch the "rats," and choose the one they look the most like. Sometimes there is a surprise in store for a spirit. He has been looking for his "rat" for days, and has most given up the search, when it dawns on him that it is the new professor who matches his eyes and hair. The "co-ed." spirits can be easily distinguished, at some distance off, because their ears don't stick out so far as the "other eds'" do. They also have a funny little way of

greeting each other, with "My dear, I have a perfectly dandy last-go swap for you."

If you are doubtful about having a spirit, look back on the time when you first landed at college, after the Faculty and the "Sophs." had each had a turn at tormenting you, and you had a murderous feeling in your heart. Then one morning, when you were strolling across the campus, the idea struck you that this was the best place on earth, that you loved college and everything belonging to it. Were you getting used to things? No, it was not that. Your little spirit had just lit on your shoulder, and decided you were the right one. The reason it took him so long was that he was trying to match his dimples, and you just would not smile.

Ever since that morning he has been your shadow. What is he good for? Well, in the first place, he believes in you, and is proud of you. A spirit has been known to pull a man through Math. A by just believing he could make it, and he did. They don't know much about lessons, but your spirit is not going back on you, any more than your dog would. Perhaps the reason they both admire us so is that they don't know much about books.

A spirit makes up for his lack of knowledge on these subjects by what he knows about ball and track. The play spirit, which he developed in the forest life, is strong in him yet. The only thing which will keep your spirit from a game is to stay away yourself, for he won't go without you. After he has steered you safely through foot-ball and fall "exams." and "frat" rushes, he begins to get interested in the "rat" banquet. That is the way the secret gets out every year. A little "rat" spirit forgets, and says something which lets a "Soph." spirit on, and the secret is spoiled. This does not hurt the good time at the banquet, for the spirits have a lively time, which is only increased by the mishaps which befall some of their men, and the final mix-up when every one gets back to college is the best part of the frolic.

Secrets are not the only things which spirits spread. If you were here last year, you probably had mumps, and charged them up to Physics "lab.," while it was your spirit that you caught them from, and he had them worse than you did. Any kind of a secret fascinates our spirits, and, when they find out some things,

they forget, and tell them. If they don't, how else do other people get to talking about subjects you hardly dare think about? They don't mean any harm, and are just as eager about that little letter in your post-office box as you are. Some of the spirits are very fadish. If you are a close observer, you will notice a semi-annual crop of tan shoes on the campus. The spirits like tan shoes and Mackinaws also. A spirit suggested that idea by saying, "If you find your smoking-jacket so comfortable, why don't you wear it all the time?"

You see your spirit is rather busy looking after you the four years you are here. He is not a guardian angel; he is just a jolly, encouraging little spirit. Unless there is something particular going on, the spirits spend their nights in the museum. Doing what? Planning for us, puzzling their little heads how they can help us, comparing notes, and telling the nice things they hear about us; that's what they do. These consultations end in a frolic of some kind. Sometimes the "co-ed." spirits have candy stews over the President's office. That explains the gas bill, perhaps. Whatever they do they have us in mind.

When graduation time comes around the spirits are wild with excitement. The day you graduate is the proudest day of your spirit's life, though it hurts him in a way, for he is not going with you. He is coming to see you sometimes when you and other college folks get together. But the college spirit, the college you, is going to stay at college to help make up the atmosphere of college. He has something very personal to do, too. Sometimes you leave a good friend at college, who would miss you worse than ever if it were not for your spirit.

A CAMPUS MEMORY.

R. E. B., '14.

Tears for the friend we are leaving behind,
The one who has ever proved loyal and kind
 To youth and maid in their tender years,
 Searching for wisdom with doubts and fears,
 Lest their search be all in vain.

Thanks for the friend, so faithful and sure,
To guide our youth to manhood pure,
 Through the realms of doubt and deep despair,
 To th' eternal hills of purer air,
 The abode of mortals made men.

Lifting high its head 'mid the city's rush,
To catch the first faint gleam of the morning's blush,
 Stands yon tower, with its hand ever pointing the way
 To a life of knowledge above the clay,
 The substance of breath, but not life.


But now we must bid farewell to thee,
Whose sacred spot shall no more be free
 From the rush and hurry of business life,
 The noise and dirt, and endless strife,
 Where once dwelt quiet and peace.

So, as from the acorn the giant oak groves,
From the tiny bulb the sweetest rose,
 The life you have lived in this hallowed place
 Will widen and lengthen, and then embrace
 New fields you have dreamed not of.

One long and last farewell to thee,
 Thou emblem of the good and pure,
And may thy influence ever be
 A widening stream of knowledge sure,
 To guide us through eternity.

THE TALISMAN VOICE.

Ethel Smither, '15.

“UST you really go, Jules?” asked Lucette, wistfully, of her lover, as they stood on the queer porch of the low-built, slate French cottage.

“Why, yes, little one; it is almost five, and I must be far on the road to St. Jacques before night-fall. See how the sun is gilding old Mont Breteau!”

The girl turned and looked at the mountain. Every line of its dear rugged sides were familiar, and she felt that she almost loved it, as it stood warm and fatherly in the evening sun, guarding its own village of Breteau.

The man, however, looked at the girl. She was small and lithe, like all the French-Canadians. Her hair was a dusky brown, with a glint here and there when the sun touched it. Her eyes were wonderful. Without them Lucette would have been plain; with them—well, you always wanted to be a brave man, and a good one, when you had looked straight at those soft brown shrines of truth.

The girl turned slowly. “Is he like a friend to you, too, the dear old mountain?”

“Yes, to all the people of his village is he a friend.” Then, reluctantly: “But I must be on my way to the trading town now, dear one. And so,” catching her in his arms, “it’s *au revoir* for four long days, little Heart’s Ease.”

“Good-bye, and the good God keep you,” she whispered and smiled, as he leapt into the saddle. At the bend of the road he turned to wave his hand. Her voice, sweet and full, floated out to him. She was singing an old French song that her mother, and her mother’s mother, had sung back in the days when life was hard and there seemed always to be an Indian, with his sinuous copper body, lurking near. It loses much in translation, but it went something like this:

“The good God guide my sweetheart,
And bring him safe to me.
Faithful, clean, and loyal,
And brave as man can be.”

The song was a sort of talisman, and Jules felt like he had donned a coat of armor. All his French blood leapt as he tenderly thought of Lucette, his little "Heart's Ease." And so he was clothed against the world's dirtiness by a woman's love as he rode down the old, ill-kept highway, bordered by great trees, who could tell many a story of French and Red-coat and Indian, if they had a mind to. The early spring flowers were coming back to whisper to their tree friends. There were patches of frail bluettes and queer dog-toothed violets, and under the leaves the hepatica hid its exquisite lavender and the blood-root its fragile white. To Jules it seemed that the trees were whispering "Lucette" to the flowers, and they whispered back "little Heart's Ease." Even a stray bird twittered drowsily of her in the increasing darkness. A peace fell upon him, and when he reached the town, at about 9 o'clock, he felt that his armor was doubled.

As he entered the inn the good inn-keeper, Guerat, and his fat old wife came bustling up. "Glad to see thee, my friend; glad to greet thee," said Guerat.

"I've longed for the sight of thy good, healthy face these many months, dear boy"; and she kissed her favorite fondly.

"Ah, mother, thou'rt very good to me," Jules said, patting her shoulder. "May I have some of your good cooking, and then my candle?"

"Why, yes, dear boy," said Madame; and soon Jules had eaten and retired.

Then came busy times for Jules. Haggling all day in the quaint mart that stood on the crooked white main street of St. Jacques; meeting his friends, and thinking of Lucette at night. Secure in his talisman, he made excellent bargains, and never had he felt quite so prosperous and happy. He bought Lucette a cross, set with pearls and amethyst, and strung on a fine gold chain.

On this last evening something happened to Jules which made him older than he had been by many years. He lost his talisman; this double armor dropped from him, and all because of a foul remark made as he passed.

As Jules came to his inn he saw standing in the door a group of men. A dissipated man named Combeau was telling a rather questionable story. When he caught sight of Jules he sneered,

"Oh, here's Madame Guerat's damned innocent, and we mustn't let this come to his pretty ears." The men roared with laughter, and Jules, with crimson face, walked straight in. For a long time he stood gazing straight ahead of him. His armor was gone, cut off by the words of a man who really didn't matter, and his very soul felt chafed. He felt almost savagely glad that he had lost his talisman. The primeval man was steadily becoming predominant. He wanted to know; to touch the bottom of knowledge's dirty well. He was savagely reckless of the price required.

"Jules, lad," said good Madame Guerat, who had seen all; "you are leaving this evening?" And she gently touched his arm.

"*Sacre*, no!" shaking off her touch. "I'm going to Miller's. They'll never call me a 'damned innocent' again. I'm going to be a man."

"For shame, boy; don't go to Miller's gambling hell. That's not the way to be a man. The way to be a man is to live straight, and with your life hallowed by some good woman's touch, either mother or wife. And very true it is that only a man can walk that path."

"I'm going to Miller's," he muttered, and was gone.

Miller had heard Combeau's remark, but he only said: "Glad to see you. What can I do for you?"

"Whiskey," said Jules, and walked to the bar. As he drank the stuff that burnt his throat he looked about him. The room was dirty and shifty looking. So were the men, with ugly eyes, who shuffled the cards or watched the roulette wheel. He heard the low swearing of those who lost, and the excited laughter of those who won. With his second glass he noticed the half-breed girl who was singing ribald songs at a cheap piano.

"About one glass more will make that French fool daft," said Miller to the bar-tender.

Jules lifted the glass to his lips, and started towards the piano. A clock somewhere was striking five. All of a sudden a sweet voice, clear and full, sounded:

"The good God guide my sweetheart,
And bring him safe to me.
Faithful, clean, and loyal,
And brave as man can be."

"Oh, my God!" he cried, after a long moment, and, in a trance, left that hell. His talisman had come back, and the unclean in his soul had been killed by a good woman's love. With trembling fingers, he saddled his horse and paid his bill.

Mother Guerat watched him, and, at last, said, as she kissed him good-bye, "Thank God that her love brought you back in time."

In the meanwhile Lucette had dreamed through the four days. On the last evening a vague worry seized her. "Mother," she said, "something is about to happen to Jules. I can't help but feeling it."

"Ah, little one, you are only excited because he is coming home."

"No, it isn't that. It seems like a cloud is shutting him away from me," and the soft eyes filled.

"Ah, dearie, he'll be back to-night. Come, wipe thy sweet eyes, and think of what he'll bring thee." But her efforts were vain.

Just before 5 o'clock she became almost frantic. "I can't stand it," she sobbed, and went out in the porch, hoping to gain comfort from old Mont Breteau. The clock began to strike, and, urged by an irrepressible impulse, she sang again the song she had sung when Jules went away. In a few minutes she came back smiling. "Mother, it's all right. Old Mont Breteau says so." But it wasn't old Mont Breteau; the talisman had given her of its radiance also.

About 9 o'clock that same night a man, weary and awed in spirit, came up the path to the low French cottage. Just before he got to the house a soft, warm thing ran into his arms.

"Oh, Jules, my man," she whispered; but the man slipped down before her, and knelt there with bowed head.

"I am not worthy to touch you, my love," he said, brokenly.

Then the stars saw what they have seen many times, perhaps—a woman's forgiveness make her love divine. They saw a little, loving, Canadian girl press her lover's head to her breast, and heard her whisper, "Thank God, I knew in time."

A PLEA FOR THE ORAL INTERPRETATION OF LITERATURE IN PREPARATORY SCHOOLS.

S. J. Rowland, '14.

RECENTLY there has arisen, among parents and other people interested in our preparatory schools, a feeling that so many new subjects had been introduced into their curricula that the three "R's"—reading, writing, and arithmetic—are in danger of being neglected. It is the observation of the graduates of preparatory schools, plus personal experience, that has led me to the conclusion that certainly the first "R"—reading—is not having the proper emphasis placed upon it. And, throughout this discussion, I mean by "Reading," reading aloud, the oral interpretation of written or printed words.

There was a time when poetry and other literature was read aloud, and people did use their ears to perceive the beauty and apprehend the significance of an author's words. At the time when Sir Walter Scott's poems were being published the public ear had not lost the power of appreciating verse. A story runs that, about this time, two strangers ran into one another in a fog at night in London. One happened to be saying over to himself, in a low voice, the sixth canto of "Marmion."

"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
Were the last words of Marmion."

The other immediately took up the recitation, and both went on together to the end, mutually enjoying the poem.

We know, too, that before the Civil War, here in the South, there was the widespread custom of one member of the family reading to the others at night. Scott's novels were among the favorites in these circles, and, later, Dickens delighted large audiences and made enormous sums by reading his own works.

This sort of thing does not prevail to-day. And why? Because the art of reading has been almost lost. So-called

elocation has killed the public reading. The over-supply of newspapers and magazines, and the unabating flood of new books pouring from the presses, the immense extent of ground that must be covered, if one is to keep up with the new books, and the spirit of haste pervading our modern life, have caused mere perusal, absorption by the eye, to take the place of reading.

When we sit in our rooms, glancing over the late magazines, we may come across a really fine bit of verse. Do we really get the full charm of the poem? Rarely, I think. We run down the page with our eye, and catch a cinematographic impression of whatever pictures the poet has outlined; but how rarely do we open our mouths and read, really read the poem, so that we catch the music of the verse, the subtle suiting of sound to sense that always characterizes good verse! To illustrate, consider this from a recent number of the *Century Magazine* (November, 1912, page 60). The author, Mr. William Rose Benet, is praising the great vagabonds of the ages past, the men who were first to venture out of the beaten track, who, if they did lie fearfully and fantastically, have given us at least romances, ballads, and books of trance that have fired the imagination of men for centuries. Mr. Benet calls his ballad "Scamps of Romance," and celebrates, in particular, that wonderful liar of the fourteenth century, Sir John Maundeville. I quote but five stanzas:

"We're off across the hills to-day, with merriment agog,
With pipe and timbrel ribboned gay, with fiddle-scape and clog.
Then, Nelly Goldsmith, here's to thee! Send Villon's soul no ill!
But all hail that Prince of Vagabonds, Sir John Maundeville.

"Oh, Sir John Maundeville, Sir John Maundeville,
Saw more Golcondas in the West than e'er another will!
"Brave Marco Polo pales to naught, Aladdin's boast is still,
Before the gallant glory of Sir John Maundeville.

"So we march—tramp! tramp! and the ringing of our tread
Hales forth the highway swaggerers of lusty times long dead.
When so the glad world's purple clad, it's hail the romance scamp,
With the zesting of our jesting, and our march—tramp! tramp!

* * * * *

"Oh, Sir John Maundeville, Sir John Maundeville,
The world that gaped at romance then shall gape at romance still,
There's portents in each autumn leaf—Vale Parlous o'er the hill—
And our jolly dream-land captain is Sir John Maundeville.

"So we march—tramp! tramp! do you wonder that our tread
Stamps up the ghosts of gallant knights from dust of days long
dead?

When so the glad world's romance-clad, it's hail the romance
scamp,

With old glories on our stories, and our march—tramp! tramp!"

Does not the movement of this poem suggest romantic abandon, gay, care-free vagabond? Do you believe that one could fully appreciate the writer's intention, feel what he wanted us to feel, by a mere eye-reading of this ballad?

I always used to enjoy hearing the late Dr. Whitsitt read a Psalm ("Psalm" he called it) in chapel. When he read a Psalm it seemed to me that I could always feel its meaning better than ever before. I think it was because he felt continually, while he was reading the Psalms, that they were composed for singing; he felt the rhythm in them, and he communicated it to his hearers.

The pernicious habit of eye-reading has produced, I think, many teachers who cannot read. How, then, can they—blind, or, perhaps, I should better say, deaf, to the importance of the vocal interpretation of literature—properly impress it upon their pupils? Whether the teachers can or cannot read, many of their pupils come to college presenting the required three units of English, but not bringing with them even a hazy idea of the important part the voice should play in the study of English literature. And, when they get here, they continue their already established habit of reading with the eye only—even in their rooms. I think some of them have the idea that a love of poetry is a mark of effeminacy, and the required literature courses things to be got through with as quickly as possible. And if they join a literary society, and are placed on the programme for a reading, do they draw from the wealth of English literature? No! They go down into the library, and get some dog-eared volume entitled "Speaker's Garland," or "Reciter's Handbook," or some other

antiquated anthology, and pick from it some thread-bare selection, which, I have observed, they usually think must be funny. Using the word in its colloquial sense, such a performance is funny. But the freshmen are not so much to blame as their prep. schools. How, then, can we change this state of affairs?

First, it seems to me that more stress should be put upon reading in academies and public high schools. Reading is taught, and taught well, in the lower grades of many of our public schools. But when the pupil passes from the grammar grades into the high school, the number of his studies is largely increased. Often systematic drill in spelling and reading is discontinued, not because the pupil no longer needs it, but because the crowded curriculum no longer allows time for it. If the pupil intends going to college, his course is shaped so as to meet the fourteen unit entrance requirements. He takes up the study of rhetoric, and what is called an introduction to English literature. And here, alas! he may acquire a distaste for literature that may never leave him, if he is taught too much about literature and not enough of the thing's self.

It is not enough for the teacher to be able to read. The pupils must themselves be shown the value of oral interpretation. They may enjoy a teacher's reading, but they should be required themselves to read aloud, as much as possible, of the texts used in class. They must themselves be made to see the value of voice changes in reading, how the entire meaning of a sentence is often changed by a misplacement of emphasis, how the splendid beauty of English poetry cannot fully be perceived by the eye. They should not get afraid of the sound of their own voices. It seems to me that if the colleges were to let it be known that any prospective student would be liable to a test of his ability to read any one of the catalogued entrance requirements, our secondary schools would find some way to remedy this great deficiency in their graduates.

So much for pupils who intend to come to college. It is obvious, I think, that if one who is coming to college needs to be taught the vocal interpretation of literature, one whose school life ends with graduation from a secondary school needs this training still more, because the college student has a chance in

his literary society to practice the art of reading. Both classes too often fall into the universal habit of cursory perusal.

In the second place, we must in our colleges constantly remind students of the importance of the art of reading in their future careers. One studying for the ministry, who is to stand before the church and read the noblest of all literature, should certainly be able to hold the attention of his hearers when he reads, as well as when he speaks. A lawyer citing authorities in court, should surely be able to enunciate clearly, and indicate the exact shade of meaning by his voice. The teacher, above all, should be a master of vocal interpretation, so that he may unlock the treasures of our English speech to his pupils.

Finally, if one should never be called on to read to a number of people, one's own pleasure in literature is doubled by the possession of a cultivated ear.

For these reasons I make my plea for greater emphasis on the vocal interpretation of English literature in our schools.

THE MASTER MUSICIAN.

(TO MY MOTHER).

J. Leonard King, Jr., '13.

Out of the discord and clanging sound,
With the touch of an angel free,
To strike from the earth's false glee
Sweet notes that reach the sky at a bound.

Just to feel the pangs of the lowly throng,
And the throes of an aching heart,
To take each grief apart,
And sing by the way a hopeful song.

With the broken strings of Life's frail bow,
To play of wondrous love,
And raise to the heavens above
The cry of a soul that's bended low.

Just to take the frustrate dreams of Life,
Dead hopes, lost youth, black night,
And, with no ray of light,
To sing of triumph in the strife.

And when disease and decay are rife,
To face inexorable Death,
And, with the halting breath,
To sing, at the last, a song of life.

WHEN THE BARRIER BROKE.

Rec. Rem., '16.

“**L**OOK, Jack; isn't that a wonderful view?” A good-looking, sun-burned girl and an athletic-looking young man were seated on an immense rock overlooking a broad valley, as beautiful as the proverbial Garden of Eden. Away off in the distance it stretched, until it melted from view in the soft purple haze that crowned the beauty of a perfect afternoon of glorious Indian summer.

“I don't see why you insist upon talking about the beautiful view,” answered the boy, in a sulky tone. His hand moved over slowly to the soft, round arm close by, but, as his fingers closed, he grasped only a jutting piece of the rock upon which he was resting.

“Aren't you comfortable?” The low voice was sweet, almost too sweet, and Jack turned quickly, and looked longingly into those big, innocent eyes, as blue as the sky above.

“Mildred!” His voice would have moved any heart, unless it was of stone, or of a jealous woman. Ah! that was the secret of the too sweet voice—Mildred was jealous. What right had Jack, her Jack, to run with that pretty Miss Heaton? She hated that woman! But Jack should be taught a lesson; he should learn better. If suffering were any part of the lesson, Jack was certainly learning with a vengeance. Then an idea came into his perplexed head. He rose, with a jerk, and prepared to help this cruel, good-looking young person to the ground, but she ignored his proffered hand and slipped to her feet.

“We had better be moving back towards the house,” remarked Jack. “You see—”

“Yes, I am to play a set of tennis with Mr. Shaner, and I wouldn't be late for anything. Isn't he handsome?”

Jack merely grunted, and they made their way through the woods until they came out upon a roomy bungalow, situated on a gentle slope, where three or four young people were strolling about or sitting on the wide porch.

"I'll leave you here," said Mildred. "There is Arthur—Mr. Shaner."

The boy's mouth opened, and then he changed his mind, and his teeth met with an audible snap. Lifting his hat, he turned away, and was soon engaged in animated conversation with a pretty, dark-eyed girl. From the tennis court a trim young lady watched him out of the corners of her big blue eyes, and her opponent wondered why her serve was so much harder than usual.

* * * * *

The next afternoon one of the servants handed Mildred a letter, addressed in the bold handwriting she knew so well. It was rather foolish, she thought, for Jack to write when he could so easily speak. Nevertheless, there was a sharp little catch in her breath, and, slipping the letter into her pocket, the girl strolled down a shady path to a little sunny patch, which ran down to the bank of a rocky, tossing mountain stream. Seating herself on a boulder at the very edge, Mildred took out the letter and opened it.

"*Dearest*,—It is now or never for me, and my fate is in your hands. If you want to be rid of me forever, this is your chance, for, unless you come to me before six this evening, I am going to jump off the cliff bridge. Please, dear, if you do not come, try and think kindly of me, and may you be very happy.

"JACK."

The girl sprang to her feet, her face white. "Suppose—oh, suppose he should!" she cried; "and it is my fault!" She started on a run up the path, but, catching her foot in a root, stumbled and fell. As she scrambled to her feet, her eyes, wild with fear, glanced out over the foaming, rushing water. "If he—" her voice died away in a little gasp. Surely—it could not be—but it was! Drifting swiftly past was the body of a man, and, as a rock retarded its progress, the body slowly rolled over, exposing the face. And the face was Jack Ellington's! Without hesitation, the girl made her way a few feet up the stream, and, calculating the distance with a blue eye that now held only reso-

lution, she plunged into the quiet of an eddy, and struck out for the drifting man.

* * * * *

As he stood upon the bridge, and looked at the dark, racing water far beneath him, Jack could not repress a shudder at the thought of jumping into it, although, truthfully, he had no such intention. "I'd jump off here head first, if she asked me to," he said aloud; "but if she doesn't care, I'll be hanged if I will! I wonder if she'll come?" As he spoke, he leaned back to get a better view of the path. Without a sound, except a faint creak, the railing gave way, and he plunged head-foremost into the stream, striking a rock a few feet below the surface. A searing pain shot through his body, and his struggles were weak. After a few strokes, his muscles became mere useless weights and he began to sink. "If—if—" Jack's eyes closed, and he knew no more. When he opened his eyes again he was aware of a splitting headache, and—wonder of wonders! just above him were a pair of blue eyes, full of love and tenderness—why, they were wet, and so was the golden hair above them. Jack suddenly wondered if this was heaven.

"Boy, boy, speak to me." Jack was sure he had heard that voice before. And then it all came back to him.

"I—what happened?" he asked.

"You foolish boy, you jumped off the bridge because you thought I didn't love you, when all the time—"

"You do love me, Mildred?" Jack raised himself painfully, but was helped considerably by an arm tight about his shoulders.

"Love you?" The words came slowly, tenderly. "I love you more than anything in the world."

Jack put out his hands and drew her to him. "Kiss me," he said.

Girlish instinct asserted itself. "But some one will see," she protested.

"No; there is no one near." Their lips met, and no one saw them except the big, sharp-eyed eagle, circling high up in the air, and the red, smiling old sun, just disappearing behind an immense rock overlooking a broad, beautiful valley.

LIFE IS MOVING ONWARD.

H. T. Estes.

Close by a swiftly running brook,
I sat one day, when all was clear,
And listened to its blended notes,
Which haunted me with fear.

Often times, when just a lad,
I have strolled away from play,
And, with profoundest pleasure here,
Would come and spend the day.

The water-fall to me did play
A delicate sound of music,
And filled my listening ears with song,
My heart with apprehensions mystic.

I could not tell the reason why
It moved so swiftly onward,
It had no life, no fear of death,
Nor friends to leave behind it.

But, as I watched its onward glide,
And heard its gentle roar,
I felt it had a work to do,
A dark land to explore.

And so it is with every soul,
In this misty walk of life,
To explore this land of darkness,
Until it finds that land of light.

WHEN FIRST WE PRACTICE TO DECEIVE.

K. N. D., '14.

IT was simply that old exploding cigar trick again, but its results were more far-reaching than usual. Miss Bessie Deland, a dainty little belle, with enough French blood in her veins to make her peculiarly attractive, was staying with the family where several of the Penbridge College boys were boarding. She originated the idea of setting the boys up to cigars as her Christmas present to them, and purchased enough to go around. The mischievous clerk suggested that she take along one of the exploding kind, and have some fun on one of the fellows. This suited her exactly, but who was to be the unfortunate victim? She decided to try Mr. Meadow, a very talkative, argumentative scholar.

Somehow Mr. Meadow had gotten the idea that Miss Bessie was a very reserved kind of a girl, and he never enjoyed her company very much, but now he was entirely changed. His verbosity increased as he unsuspectingly drew long breaths of smoke from that fatal cigar. He was too much absorbed in the cigar and Miss Bessie to notice the sly winks of the other boys. As the cigars burned away the interest in Mr. Meadow grew more tense. And then—well, the cigar did what all such cigars do, and Mr. Meadow did what any one else would have done—he tried to laugh, but failed. He grew disgusted with the uproarious laughter at his expense, and soon left the room, feeling highly insulted.

Miss Deland was very penitent, but the boys told her not to worry, for Meadow would soon be all right again. But he didn't improve so fast as expected. Instead, he rather kept quiet, and planned revenge, and he got it temporarily.

Miss Bessie admired "Mike" Ashton, the big athlete, for his "gentle manhood," as she called it. There was no love about the matter, but people will talk, and Meadow saw his opportunity. Mike was going to the country for a few days, and this left a chance for Meadow's plan. He manufactured this note, and sent it to Miss Bessie by a messenger boy:

"*Dear Miss Bessie*,—A little business calls me from college for a day or two. I'm sorry I can't see you to-night. I have something important to ask you when I return Tuesday night.

"Yours sincerely,

"MIKE."

This was duly delivered, and Miss Bessie seemed to anticipate, with eagerness, Mike's return. Meadow noticed this, and his eye twinkled with satisfaction at the thought of his scheme. But Meadow was misinformed as to the length of Mike's visit, and he returned Monday night, instead of Tuesday. This took our young lady by surprise, and, for some reason or other, she handed Mike the note as soon as he sat down to supper, and watched the expression of his face. Being entirely ignorant of the joke, he read the lines, and handed them back without a word. She asked him if he wrote them, but he would not commit himself either way, for he thought, since some one else had written the note, he would leave that person to settle the matter. Then Miss Bessie passed the note all around, inquiring who was the author. Everybody denied writing it. Thereupon Miss Bessie saw she had been made the object of ridicule, and she resented it heartily—in fact, the more she thought of it the more she resented the injury. She wondered if she had shown her anxiety for Mike's return as much as she had felt it. This thought made her despise herself. The joke was on her, and she became furious. She told the boys it was a mean trick, saying that she had never before been treated otherwise than as a lady, and that the fellow who wrote that note was no gentleman, unless he acknowledged it and apologized for it. She kept this up until Meadow's conscience began to hurt him, and he asked Ruth Henson, Miss Bessie's dearest chum, (who, by the way, knew from the first who was the author of all the trouble,) what he had better do to pacify Miss Bessie. She promised to find some way out of the difficulty, and the next evening called him to a quiet corner of the sitting-room, and proposed the following novel plan:

"I tell you what," she said. "You rehearse the whole thing to that handsome Mr. Herbert Reynolds at the college, who is an entire stranger to the girls here, and get him to come over to see Bessie, and own up to writing that note, as if he did it. It

will take right much nerve for him to do it, but it will clear you of any suspicion, and I'm sure a little scolding from a girl like Bessie can't hurt Mr. Reynolds."

"Give me your hand on that, Ruth," exclaimed Meadow. "I knew you could fix it all right. I declare, I never heard of a brighter idea."

This arrangement was easily carried out, as Reynolds was always ready for some fun and had plenty of "nerve."

A fire was built in the parlor, and Miss Bessie sat there, waiting for the fellow whom the boys told her was guilty. She was almost nervous herself at the thought of the meeting. Would she be very cruel to him? No, she would be just cruel enough to—to make him interested.

"Now, Mr. Reynolds," she began, as soon as they were seated, "do you mean to say that you would write such a note to me?"

"Yes," he falsified, "but really I'm very sorry now."

"You see," she continued, with a slight color of anger in her cheeks, "it made a false impression on the people here. It caused them to think that I was very much concerned about Mr. Ashton, when, indeed, I did not care anything for him."

Was it true that she didn't care anything for Mike? Reynolds was glad, for the moment, that she didn't.

"I think it was a mean trick, and that's why I wanted who-ever started the thing to seek my pardon," concluded her little speech.

Reynolds felt that he would be willing to do almost anything to please her now, and thought that the scoundrel who wrote that note ought to be kicked out of doors, and almost said so, but he remembered, in time, that he was supposed to be the scoundrel at present. He lengthened his confession and apology into about an hour's conversation, and finally said that, if she could forgive him entirely, he would be very glad to call some time and continue their friendship, and, in fact, would she mind if he came back the next evening? She expressed her willingness, and they separated with light hearts.

Miss Bessie went back into the sitting-room, and humbly apologized to all the boys for having spoken so unkindly of them

concerning the note. They went back to the college, very much amused at her apparent simplicity. The question arose as to whether it was right to deceive her so completely the second time, but Meadow suggested that a falsehood is sometimes justifiable, and said they had better let well enough alone.

As for Reynolds, he felt sorry that he had been used to deceive Miss Bessie so completely, but decided to keep quiet on the subject until he became better acquainted with her. It did not take him long to get well acquainted, however, and, before school was over, he found it convenient to begin his honeymoon on his father's money. This was very sudden, but, you know, this was one of the love affairs like those that happen in books.

The usual unnecessary details of the wedding were all over, and the young couple were on the Western Limited, speeding on through acres of flowers and a world of beauty. The conversation lulled for a moment, and Herbert wore a troubled look, which Bessie was quick to notice.

"Why do you look so serious, my dear?" she asked.

"Bessie," he replied, "you remember the first time we met each other, I—"

"Of course I do," she interrupted. "How could I forget it?"

"Well," he began again, "I suppose it is time I was acknowledging that I deceived you about that note signed 'Mike'." (He wondered why she laughed.) "Really, I had nothing whatever to do with it."

By this time her amusement was uncontrollable, "Why—what's the matter?" he faltered.

"Well, Herbert, I'll tell you," she said. "I think you were the one deceived, or, rather, trapped. You know I said so much about that note that I began to feel ashamed for talking about the fellow so much. So, when Mr. Meadow asked Ruth Henson what he had better do to get out of trouble, I got her to tell him to bring you over to own up, as if you wrote the note. I thought that was a very novel way of meeting you. I had been wishing to meet you ever since I saw you in the 'Gaiety' the night 'The Shepherd of the Hills' was played. I saw your arm go around Mr. Meadow's waist as the scene of 'Matty' and 'Sammy' sitting together in the twilight was shown, and—and—I thought—"

"You thought I was hard up for some one to put my arms about," he said, drawing her close to him with that arm. There was no one else on the train, or, if there was, the lovers did not know it.

"Yes," she said; and they sat very close together, as lovers do.

"And to think that I should be so completely taken in," was his happy remark. "It is all as complicated as a lover's knot. There could be no end to it but love. Bessie, you are the dearest little schemer that ever lived."

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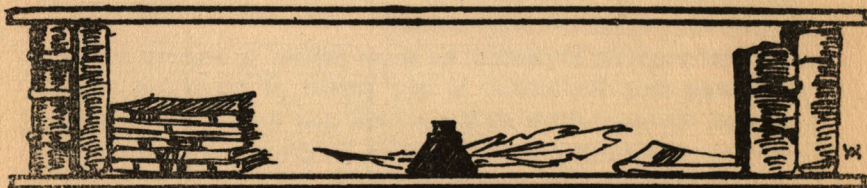
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EDITORIALS.

WITH this issue the present editor finishes his task. We feel that a few words of comment would not be inappropriate in conclusion. We are not going to discuss

IN CONCLUSION. faults or failures; we have buried them with the past, as a foundation for the future.

Altogether, the task has been a pleasant one, an educational

one, an inspiring one. To be critical, and not correct, has ever been a joyful prerogative with men. But we have had more pleasure than this. To have held confidence with the contributors to THE MESSENGER, to see things as they saw them, to believe with them, to think with them, to work with them, has been a chief pleasure. We have had a vantage ground, from which we obtained an insight in the various characters which are moved onward by ambition to shine among their fellows; and this has been an inspiration. Throughout all the little successes and all the little failures that arise from a relative standard, there has flowed a continuous stream of optimism, of justice, of good feeling, that makes for confidence in human nature.

It is not necessary that thanks be given to any certain persons. That loyal number who have helped continually have had their reward in the doing. And yet there are some of these rarer souls, who have made sacrifice without murmur, to aid us, that have more than the reward of doing. They are builders of arcs that "come full circle," and we are better for our contact with them.

And the outlook before THE MESSENGER is bright. Several new men are writing—not all successfully, but showing improvement. There is an increased and increasing *general* interest that makes for wholesomeness. The spirit of a larger future is with us, guiding us surely onward.

But your aid is needed, as never before, to smooth over the new way that lies ahead in our period of transition. While we wish the new editor all the success that flows from labor happily spent, our last plea is that there be given more labor by the student body for THE MESSENGER.

Thinking of the past pleasures that have been afforded us in this task, we, indeed, "regain our freedom with a sigh."

Our pleasantest memories will be of those who lend the helping hand; our past successes can be traced to those who gave the helping hand. It is true in
HELPING HANDS. college, as elsewhere. We do not mean simply sympathy for our efforts. Most all of us can render that doubtful kind of aid. But we mean

the concrete acts done, the helpful suggestions, and the genuine interest that some few give. In rendering his accounts, the present editor wants to give due credit where it belongs. We feel deeply indebted for help on *THE MESSENGER*, help on the inter-collegiate debate, help in all matters of College interest, to Dr. Anderson and our Librarian, Miss Ryland. We have no hesitancy in thus naming these two, for always have they helped in these affairs, thought on these affairs, aided in all matters of student interest. Much of our success can be traced to these helping hands.

Some of our students have acquired the bad habit of clipping articles from the newspapers on the table in the library. This is rather more of a serious offence than first appears, and an evil that has grown very recently.

CLIPPING THE NEWSPAPERS
IN THE LIBRARY.

Whenever the College wins a victory in athletics, or is, in any way, prominently mentioned in the newspapers, some one quietly and secretly clips the article from the paper. This usually happens very early in the morning, and the rest of the readers are deprived of the privilege of reading the article. Besides the selfishness of such an act, it is pure theft, and nothing less. Those papers belong to the College, for the use of its students. Besides, they are preserved for reference, and are often used for later write-ups for the monthly or annual. Any one who desires a clipping could easily obtain a paper at the corner at the very nominal sum of one or two cents, and not be guilty of a cheap, selfish act. We hope that a little consideration will cause these students to change their idea of the use of these newspapers.

We need a vacation at the end of the winter term's work. This year we are given two or three days' rest. That is not enough. Possibly we shall be given a little more at Easter. This is not necessary, and could be added in at the end of the winter term. The holiday at Easter is a break in the midst of a term's work, which is always

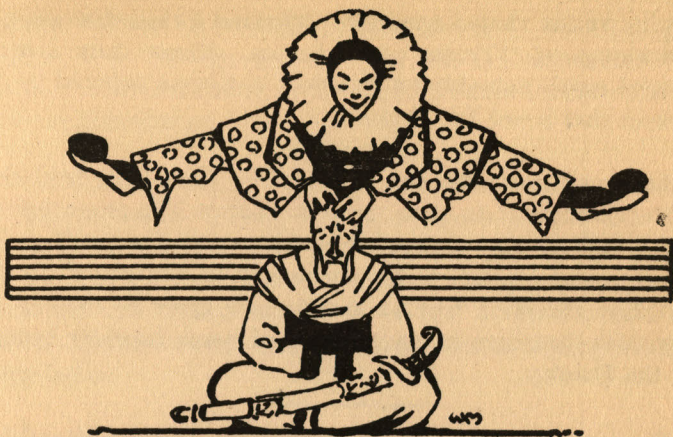
THE WINTER TERM
HOLIDAY.

bad. But at the end of the winter term, the longest and hardest term of the three, we need rest. One week vacation at that time would serve to rest up and to freshen the students. It would be something to look forward to, just as the Yuletide holiday season; would be something of a climax to a hard term's work. To begin immediately another term, to a student who has worked and is tired out, will mean that less effort will be put in the work. Our vital systems need rest, which ought not to be denied them. It should be custom to have one week holiday at this period of the year. If each class would endorse this measure, and petition its wishes, our part in a much-needed change would be done.

Interest in inter-society debating has reached a low ebb. And the chief reason lies in the fact that there is not enough debating done. One inter-society debate
 INTER-SOCIETY a year is just a beginning. One debate
 DEBATING. stands for individual debating, instead of society debating. We need at least three debates each year—one each term between the societies. This would give the members more chance to debate. Good debaters may not have time to debate in one term, while another term would suit them. It was true this year. So that the matter of representation became one of time, rather than choice.

It is a great stimulus to the societies to engage in these contests, makes for strong society lines—which is very desirable as a means of good work. Besides, this is what the societies are supposed to be doing. New men will be interested and drawn in by these contests more than by anything else held out to them. Better men can be developed for the inter-collegiate debates by these constantly-recurring inter-society affairs.

We used to have three debates each year, and then we had more interest, more partisan society men. It is not because the societies fear each other, but because a lethargy has fallen on us. Wake them up next year, Debating and Forensic Council. Let us have real inter-society debating.



CAMPUS NOTES.

E. N. Gardner, '14.

Richmond College students constituted a loyal band of citizens at the State Capitol when Governor Stuart was inaugurated. Hawkins, like Zaccheus of old, sought, with the squirrels, the branches of a near-by tree. Fatherly had only one objection to find, and that was that he got stepped on by one of the suffragettes, who failed to see him before it was too late. Hamilton devoted most of his time toward arranging the spectacles on his nose, and dancing a jig, when the moving-picture machine swung his way. We might rehearse the queer performances of Clodius Willis, Dudley Bowe, and "Senior" Quick, but we will refrain until it is their time to make an inaugural. We hope they will not all desire to make one at the same time, however.

On the evenings of the 5th and 6th of February the second series of the Thomas Lectures this session was held in the chapel. Dr. Jeremiah W. Jenks, Professor of Philosophy in New York University, addressed a large audience of students and visitors on "The Political Significance of the Teachings of Jesus" and "Jesus' Methods of Social Reform Applied in Present-Day Pro-

blems." At the chapel service he delivered a clear discussion on the workings of "Trusts" in America. These three lectures contained much valuable information, and were enjoyed by the audiences that heard Dr. Jenks.

Since our last issue the Literary Societies have held their final "open nights" in their present halls. The programme of the Philologists was rendered especially attractive by the selections of outside talent. The distinguishing feature of the Mu Sigma Rho reception was an entertaining piece of comedy got off by their members at the expense of much laughter brought upon the Faculty.

The cup for the triangular debate between Randolph-Macon, William and Mary, and Richmond College was won by Randolph-Macon, on the night of February 27th. Our College defeated William and Mary at Richmond, but lost to Randolph-Macon at Ashland. The subject of the debate was, "*Resolved*, That the President of the United States should be elected for a term of six years, and should be ineligible for the next term." The affirmative was supported at home by W. V. Hawkins and R. A. Brock, Jr.; the negative, at Ashland, by J. A. George and A. L. Jones.

The results of the recent Society elections are as follows:

MU SIGMA RHO.

President, A. L. Jones; Vice-President, W. R. Nelson; Recording Secretary, G. M. Percival; Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Bagby; Treasurer, M. L. Breitstein; Critic, J. A. Jordan; Censor, C. C. Webster; Chaplain, L. L. Saunders; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. W. Richardson; Hall Debater, D. N. Sutton; Hall Manager, B. D. Allen; Editor-in-Chief 1914-'15 MESSENGER, J. V. Gary; Business Manager (same), W. S. Green.

PHILOLOGIAN.

President, F. S. Harwood; Vice-President, G. W. J. Blume; Secretary, W. A. Walton; Treasurer, F. C. Ellett; Critic, E. N.

Gardner; Censor, G. M. Raney; Chaplain, S. C. Owen; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. A. Savedge; Hall Debater, M. L. Combs; Hall Managers, L. F. Crippen and P. L. Harrup; Assistant Business Manager 1914-'15 MESSENGER, R. C. McDaniel.

On Tuesday night, February 6th, the Seniors entertained the Sophomores in Thomas Hall, after the lecture by Dr. Jenks. The occasion was much enjoyed by the large number present, who declared it an entire success. Mr. W. T. Hall rendered several interesting and highly amusing selections of oratory and negro dialect. Refreshments were served by the charming Freshmen young ladies.

The State oratorical contest for preparatory schools was held in our chapel, under the auspices of the College, Friday night, February 20th. Under the management of Dr. W. A. Montgomery, the meet was very successfully carried through. About fifteen of our leading preparatory schools, representing all sections of the State, competed for the honors. The award fell to Newport News High School for the second successive year. Staunton High School ran a very close second, losing out by just a margin. But there was glory enough for all in such a splendid meet as this, which should, and likely will be, a permanent annual affair.

These are busy days for the photographer on the campus. The business manager of the annual is making a mighty effort to get all the photographing done before examinations. Many new clubs have been added to the annual this year, which bids fair to much improve that publication. The business manager, as well as the photographer, will be greatly aided by pleasant co-operation on the part of all the student body.

Lieutenant-Governor J. Taylor Ellyson provided the students of the College with tickets to hear Secretary of State W. J. Bryan speak before the Progressive Democratic League, at the city auditorium, February 28th. This is another instance of the advantages of "life in a great city."

"Old Acre Folk," play and tableaux, was presented in the College chapel on Tuesday, March 3d, by our co-eds., assisted by members of the Seventh-Street Christian Church. The proceeds were given to the fund being raised for the establishment of a scholarship at the Woman's College. The chapel was filled with a very attentive and appreciative audience, who enjoyed the evening very much, and wished the young ladies success in their efforts to complete the required sum.

The debate between the Mu Sigma Rho and the Philologian Societies resulted in a victory for the former on the night of March 6th. The question for debate was, "*Resolved*, That each State should establish a minimum wage for unskilled labor." The affirmative was upheld by A. B. Hovey and D. N. Sutton, of the Mu Sigma Rho, and the negative by C. C. Boyd and E. N. Gardner, of the Philologian Society.

Miss Anderson (considering laws of physics, *presumably*): "I know what pressure is, but can't understand attraction."

Hall was recently consulted by one of his deacons, who had been bothered about some disturbance of the organ pipes. Hall, in deep sympathy and earnestness, began, "Well, brother, let me tell you what I'll do; I'll preach a sermon—"

Deacon (overjoyed): "Parson, I wish you would! I wish you would!"

Ellett (in reply to a comment on the grouping of the Harrison-Fisher "Important Events in a Girl's Life" series): "I like them grouped *one together* best."

"Johnny" Wicker: "There has been some complaint about the freshness of the eggs I have had at the refectory. Are you sure these have no chickens in them?"

Store-Mistress: "Yes, suh. They are duck eggs."

Wanted—To know whether Matthew, Mark, and Luke were among the twelve apostles.—*Dr. Young*.

Senior: "Johnson, I wish you would learn some other adjective besides 'cruel'."

Johnson: "I do use another one sometimes."

Senior: "What?"

Johnson: "'Horse'."

Dr. Harris (calling on Masters for sight reading): Mr. Masters, take a bite of this."

Masters: "Doctor, it is indigestible."

—————: "Have you a profession?"

Mitchell: "I'm a professional Richmond College man—the noblest profession there is—for the next four years."

Dr. Loving: "I wish all the 'co-eds.' would remove their hats, so that the rest of the class might see."

Miss Dillon (after the lecture period is over): "Dr. Loving, why do you call us 'co-eds'? The boys are as much 'co-eds.' as we."

Dr. Loving (at the next physics period): "I wish all the *girls* would remove their hats, so that the 'co-eds.' might see."

Connelly (finding a sanitary cup machine to work without the insertion of a penny): "I guess somebody just put a dime in it."

Brooke Anderson (observing the bag containing Miss Shine's pink slippers to be worn at a Valentine party on Forest Hill): "Goodness, I didn't think to bring a present along with me."

The biology class has been dissecting crawfish. This statement was found on a small slip of paper in the laboratory:

"Miss H——g, I am leaving my heart in this little pan for you." Signed, "Boyd Taliaferro."

Wiley: "I've got a little girl up home I'm going to write to."

Duval: "What's she going to do?"

Wiley: "She's not going to answer it; and I'm going to say, 'I dare you to write me.'"

Terrell (declaiming in public speaking class): "And they have planted the house-top on the hill."

Doctor B. (speaking in chapel): "Now this applies to all, both young and old; to you young men and young women, and to us older men and *old women*" (indicating with a backward flourish the Faculty).

GLEE CLUB TRIP.

The trip lately made by the Glee and Mandolin Clubs was a rousing success. Performances were given at the Blackstone Female Institute, Crewe Theatre, Farmville Normal School, Staunton Theatre, Harrisonburg Normal School, and Louisa Theatre. Judging from the large audiences that enthusiastically greeted them at every stop, no one could have prophesied a scarcity of funds on the return trip. From an educational point of view no student and performer could have been dissatisfied. Frequent appearances before large audiences brings self-control. Their audiences were both critical and appreciative. Some of the scenery viewed from the car windows was inspiring in its beauty. Lastly, the trip was extremely pleasurable. The inhabitants of every home thrown open to the boys endeavored, so it seemed, to break all records in evidencing that world-renowned Southern hospitality. The fair sex received them after the concert at Blackstone, Crewe, and Farmville. Informal dances were enjoyed at Harrisonburg and Louisa. As the clubs are composed of a genial collection of college men, the long hours on the day coaches were made gladsome with story telling, song singing, and extemporaneous vaudeville acting. They arrived in Richmond Sunday, the 15th, feeling that the reputation gained by the clubs of last year had been sustained. (Contributed by J. A. Carter).

The passengers of the N. & W. were served "Crabs! Crabs! Hard-shelled crabs!" by Millhiser during the trip. Just how many were contributed to the Biology Department, and thence made their way to the refectory, we do not report.

At Fredericksburg State Normal the principal dish is brains, so say the fair ones of that place. When Tucker learned that the chief repast at the Harrisonburg School was tomatoes, he recommended to one of the students of Harrisonburg that they endeavor to secure some of the Fredericksburg "specialty." No wonder he returned to College with several scratches on his face and a black eye.

Dr. Young: "Miss Anderson, what is chance, anyhow?"

Miss Anderson: "It is a great help in time of trouble."

Millhiser (on Glee Club trip, looking up from paper): "Gee, there's been a big accident in Richmond since we left."

Club members (eagerly): "What's happened?"

Millhiser: "Yesterday First Street ran into Broad."

After the concert at Crewe Frank O'Neill met a Chicago damsel, who commented upon his musical ability thus:

"I'm going to compare you to Caruso. Your voice is better—still."



K. Brooke Anderson, '16.

FEBRUARY 4TH—RICHMOND COLLEGE, 31; VIRGINIA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, 35.

Flushed with their complete victory over the Hampden-Sidney "Tigers," whose ferociousness failed to equal their name, and all too confident for their own good, our team met the quint from Virginia Christian College, and, by the same tokens, met defeat. It was a good, clean game, hard fought out from the first minute of play until the time-keeper blew his whistle for the end. And we may say, in all fairness to the visiting team, that the score bobbed up and down, with first one team and then another on top, and the end of the game found the "Spiders" hanging gamely on to the smaller end of the close score. It was very exciting every minute, and the crowd was unaware at the finish which team had come off victorious.

For the visitors, Shelburne, at centre, and Musgrove, at forward, were, by far, the stellar performers, the long, brilliant shots of each one doing much to give their side the victory. For our team, Heubi led with seven field goals to his credit, and played a good, all-around game. Captain Luebbert also played his usual steady game, caging two field goals and three foul goals.

THE LINE-UP.

<i>Richmond College</i> <i>'Varsity.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Virginia Christian</i> <i>College.</i>
Luebbert.....	Left Field.....	Givens.
Brock.....	Right Field.....	Musgrove.
Heubi.....	Centre.....	Shelburne.
Satterfield.....	Left Guard.....	Straley.
Mitchell.....	Right Guard.....	Montgomery.
Cosby (substitute).....	Left Guard.....	

Foul goals—Luebbert, 3; Shelburne, 3.

FEBRUARY 11TH—RICHMOND COLLEGE, 41; HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, 29.
CHAMPIONSHIP, AT HAMPDEN-SIDNEY.

Speaking of bearding the lion in his den, our team did better than that, for they journeyed up to the wilds of Hampden-Sidney, and did verily beard the "Tigers" in their den. Playing under the most adverse conditions imaginable, on a small floor, obstructed by six large posts, around which our boys had to dodge, the team started off poorly, and it was soon evident that the strange floor, with its stranger obstacles, was going to prove a very hard difficulty to be overcome, if we were to win the game. And, for the same reasons, the Hampden-Sidney team was playing brilliantly, and soon had the score of 18 to our 4. Matters began to look a little precarious, but the old "Spider" "come back" spirit soon began to show what a determined team could do, in spite of all difficulties, and, by a wonderful burst of speedy passing and dribbling, followed by some brilliantly accurate shooting, the "Spiders" emerged from the first half three points ahead of Hampden-Sidney. In the second half it was soon apparent to all that Hampden-Sidney had "shot her wad" completely in the first half, and had no more ammunition. In inverse proportion to the decline of the "Tigers," the "Spiders" grew better and better, until, in the last few minutes of play, there was hardly a moment that they did not have complete control of the ball. The game was exceedingly rough, being marred by much rough work on each side. Of these opportunities Captain Luebbert, as well as Carrington, of Hampden-Sidney never failed to take advantage, and scored on seven out of fourteen tries.

For Hampden-Sidney, Sloan and Manager Pendleton did the best work, the latter's shooting being almost phenomenal in the first half. For the "Spiders," Luebbert, Brock, and Mitchell did good work. The passing of the whole team bordered always on the brilliant.

THE LINE-UP.

Richmond College—Luebbert, Brock, Heubi, Mitchell, and Satterfield.

Hampden-Sidney—Carrington, Pendleton, Reynolds, Sloan, Parr.

Field Goals—Pendleton, 6; Carrington, 2; Sloan, Oliver, Reynolds, Luebbert, 5; Brock, 7; Heubi, 4; Satterfield.

Foul Goals—Carrington, 7; Luebbert, 7.

For the rest of our famous trip through the State, when we met teams that were mostly out of our class, the team was very tired and fagged out, so that they were unable to do themselves the credit they deserved. But the papers of the State were not blinded by the seemingly lop-sided scores, and the many favorable comments that were passed on them should make us all feel proud.

FEBRUARY 12TH—RICHMOND COLLEGE, 16; LYNCHBURG Y. M. C. A., 80.

“Although completely out-classed in every angle of the sport, the Richmond ‘Spiders’ played a great game at passing and team work. At times their performance in this phase of the pastime bordered on the brilliant variety, as they not only received the ball in good style, but also guarded themselves while in possession of the sphere. Their passing was fast and accurate, and was much nearer the championship style than any seen here this season. The playing of the ‘Spiders’ was strictly open field work, and they always seemed to be in position to receive the ball without looking for it. Only superior shooting ability, and long association and practice together, coupled with an intimate knowledge of the hall, enabled the Association to beat the plucky ‘Spiders.’ For a first year aggregation, the playing of the ‘Spiders’ was wonderful, and, with another year, the best teams in the State had better look to their laurels, for the ‘Spiders’ are a coming bunch.”—*The Lynchburg News*.

FEBRUARY 13TH—RICHMOND COLLEGE, 19; ROANOKE, 50.

Handicapped by the absence of one of our regular guards, and playing against great odds of superior weight and size, the “Spiders” put up the least brilliant game of the trip. They were very tired from their hard struggle the night before, and the constant travel was beginning to show its effect on their general

team work, as well as the individuals. Towards the latter part of the game the team rallied, and showed great improvement, but the spurt came too late.

FEBRUARY 14TH—RICHMOND COLLEGE, 30; VIRGINIA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, 53.

"The local team defeated the Richmond 'Spiders' in a return game on the Y. M. C. A. floor yesterday afternoon, the locals playing the best game they have shown this season. The game was fast from the start, and the longer the game went the harder and faster the 'Spiders' worked to prevent scores. At team work and passing the Richmonders played one of their best games. Their work was very fast and exceedingly clean throughout the contest. Their passing was easily the feature of the game, as the boys handled the ball in a manner that would do credit to a team that had been playing together for many a season. In goal shooting the locals were very lucky, some of their shots being almost uncanny. The playing of the last half was much faster than that of the first, the visitors rushing the locals, and making them work the hardest for every point scored. The 'Spiders' displayed very aggressive tactics, and, through clever passing, scored several brilliant goals. But the lead of the early part of the game was too great for the 'Spiders' to overcome, and the game ended in favor of the locals."—*From Lynchburg Newspaper.*

FEBRUARY 18—RICHMOND COLLEGE, 26; WILLIAM AND MARY, 32.
FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP GAME, AT WILLIAMSBURG.

Starting with a whirlwind attack, and playing the "Orange and Black" team to a stand-still in the first half, the "Spiders," in the last period, became stricken with stage fright, and, after holding the lead until the final five minutes of play, gave up the ghost, and presented the game to the Williamsburgers.

It was a hard game to lose, and yet the manner in which the "Orange and Black" supporters "rooted" for their home team was enough to inspire a lesser team than theirs, and the credit is due them for winning.

Heubi, at centre, played a brilliant game for the "Spiders." His work was of the best, and he had it over his man during the entire period of play.

The goal-tossing of Zehmer was the big feature for the Williamsburgers, while their entire team showed improvement after the final half.

THE LINE-UP.

<i>Richmond College 'Varsity.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>William and Mary.</i>
Luebbert.....	Left Forward.....	Bertschey.
Brock.....	Right Forward.....	Zehmer.
Heubi.....	Centre.....	Gayle.
Satterfield.....	Left Guard.....	Zion.
Mitchell.....	Right Guard.....	Wright.

Time of periods—20 minutes.

Won by William and Mary.

FEBRUARY 25TH—RICHMOND COLLEGE, 30; RANDOLPH-MACON, 28.

HOWITZERS' ARMORY.

The "Jackets" opened with a whirlwind attack, and by the middle of the half held a lead of nine points, Sheffey lending to the interest by caging three goals of the almost impossible sort. The pace was too fast, however, and at the end of the half the "Spider" forwards, ably backed by their guards, had cut down the lead five points, the score standing 18 to 14 in the Maconites' favor.

With the beginning of the second half the play was steadied. The "Red and Blue's" team work was improving, and, by fine goal shooting, the "Yellow Jackets'" lead was overcome, the "Spiders" taking the lead with a 30 to 25 score.

In the remaining minutes of play the game resembled a gridiron fracas, rather than basket-ball, the Methodists launching play upon play toward the Richmond goal, only to have them thrown back in confusion by the wonderful defensive work of Mitchell and Satterfield. During the last two minutes of play the "Jackets," becoming desperate, after an excellent bit of pass-

ing, landed a basket, and this, with a goal from foul, put them within two points of the lead. The "Red and Blue" defence held like a stone wall, however, and the game ended 30 to 28, with the "Spiders" in the lead.

While the game was as rough as it could have been, the play was clean, the best of good feeling prevailing between the opposing players. The games won from the Ashlanders are well worth the winning, since the "Yellow Jackets" are the gamiest and cleanest bunch of men met with this season.

Brock, the "Spiders' " little forward, played one of the best games for the "Red and Blue." He is the greatest team worker the "Spiders' " have, ever willing to pass the ball, and always where he is wanted. Captain Leubbert showed the stuff that leaders are made of by playing in the game in such a condition that he could hardly stand. The finest article, along defensive lines, seen in a long while, was the really great work of the "Spider" guards, Satterfield and Mitchell. For periods of five minutes the playing of these men held the Ashlanders scoreless, besides bearing the brunt of the "Jacket's" attacks on their shoulders.

We hand the palm for spectacular goal throwing to Sheffey, the diminutive "Jacket" forward. One ball, in particular, was thrown in the gallery, jumped to the railing, bounding along until it reached the basket, and, after hopping around the edges several times in an indecisive manner, finally decided it was the only thing to do, and thus dropped in. We venture to say that Mr. Sheffey will never die by drowning. He has the longest string of horse-shoes ever seen "hereabouts."

THE SUMMARY.

Scorer—J. J. Wicker, Richmond College.

Referee—Moore, U. T. S.

Umpire—Hughes, U. T. S.

Timers—Mercer, Richmond College; Vaughan, Randolph-Macon.

RICHMOND. COLLEGE.	Posi- tion.	First Half.		First Half. Total.	Second Half.		Final Total.
		Goals.	Fouls.		Goals.	Fouls.	
Luebbert (Cap.)	L. F.	xxx.....	00000...	6	0000....	6
Brock.....	R. F.	xxx.....	6	xxxxxx..	18
Heubi.....	C.	0	xx.....	4
Mitchell.....	R. G.	0	0
Satterfield.....	L. G.	x.....	2	2
				14			30

RANDOLPH- MACON.	Posi- tion.	First Half.		First Half Total.	Second Half.		Final Total.
		Goals.	Fouls.		Goals.	Fouls.	
Millican.....	L. F.	x00x0...	2	xx.....	00x0000x	10
Sheffey.....	R. F.	xxxxxx..	12	12
Compton.....	C.	xx.....	4	x.....	6
Oast.....	R. G.	0	0
Walker.....	L. G.	0	0
				18			28

Time of periods—20 minutes.

Won by Richmond College.

MARCH 4TH—RICHMOND COLLEGE, 31; WILLIAM AND MARY, 15.

SECOND CHAMPIONSHIP GAME—HOWITZERS' ARMORY.

Fighting like warriors of old, the "Spiders" defeated the William and Mary quint in the final game of the season, thus annexing the first basket-ball cup of the Virginia I. A. A.

The "Red and Blue" had suffered their only defeat of the collegiate race in the previous game with the Williamsburg team. With this defeat to make amends for, and the fact that the success of a season depended upon this final game, the wearers of the "Red and Blue," with the same determination which characterized the foot-ball team of the past season, shivered the William and Mary attack, and fairly swept the defence from their feet after the first half.

The Williamsburgers had the weight on the "Spiders," and, with the tall centre, looked quite formidable. Besides, the team had been sent up ahead of time, in order to familiarize themselves with the floor, and it was apparent that they expected a victory.

Mr. Dobson, however, cognizant of these factors, and anticipating the "Orange and Black's" strongest defensive play would be directed at Brock, the "star" of the "Spider"—"Jacket" game, changed his style of play, and so varied were the "Spiders' " tactics that the Williamsburg five were unable to locate the ball after the first half.

After two minutes of play, the tall William and Mary centre caged one from the middle of the floor, and the game was nip and tuck till the end of the half, the "Spiders" leading with a 15 to 10 score.

The "Red and Blue" team work was apparent, while their defence caused the opposing goal-tossers to throw almost invariably from the centre of the floor.

At the beginning of the second half the play was evenly divided for the first five minutes. Then the "Spiders" opened up play upon play, Captain Leubbert receiving and tossing the ball from every point on the court, before the "down-easters" could realize that it was Leubbert, and not Brock, they must watch. Wright's guarding of Brock was so good that the latter was unable to toss but one goal; his team work, however, was of the best, and his passing to Leubbert was responsible for several of the latter's goals. The score mounted rapidly, the "Red and Blue" guards always stopping the William and Mary plays, and, with two minutes of play left, the "subs" were sent in, who performed as creditably as the 'Varsity, the final tally resulting in a 31 to 15 score for the Richmonders.

Captain Leubbert was responsible for most of the "Spiders' " points, scoring eight field goals and three from the foul line. This was made possible by the team work and passing of the other members of the quint. His dribbling, also, was of excellent class, his opponents finding it almost impossible to stop him. Brock, though cleverly guarded, was one of the main factors in the team's passing, and Heubi's work, also, was particularly

unselfish in this department. The "Spider" guards' defensive work, however, was a revelation. Mitchell played the fastest, cleanest game we've seen a guard put up. His good judgment, with his agility, is enough to worry any forward, and in this game his man only made one field goal. Satterfield has developed from a practically green man into a corking defensive player, and his work in this game places him as a worthy playing mate for Mitchell.

Wright, playing the right guard for Williamsburg, with Bertschy at left guard, were the mainstays in their team's play. The former's guarding of Brock was wonderful, while Bertschy's goal throwing was the best for his team, besides his judgment in passing was particularly good. The Williamsburg team played good ball on the whole, but they overlooked the fact that the "Spiders'" style of play would be entirely different from that used in the Randolph-Macon game.

The summary follows:

Scorer, J. J. Wicker, Richmond College; Referee, Hughes, U. T. S.; Timers—Mercer, Richmond College; Joyce, Howitzers.

RICHMOND COLLEGE.	Posi- tion.	First Half.		First Half Total.	Second Half.		Final Total.
		Goals.	Fouls.		Goals.	Fouls.	
Leubbert (Cap.)	L. F.	xxxx....	0.....	9	xxxx....	xx.....	19
Brock.....	R. F.	0	x.....	2
xHeubi.....	C.	0	0
xSatterfield.....	L. G.	x.....	2	x.....	4
xMitchell.....	R. G.	xx.....	4	x.....	6
				15			31
xCosby.....	L. G.				
xNewton.....	C.				
xRobins.....	R. G.				

WILLIAM AND MARY.	Position.	First Half.		First Half Total.	Second Half.		Final Total.
		Goals.	Fouls.		Goals.	Fouls.	
Bertschey.....	L. F.	x.....	2	000xxx..	5
Zehmer.....	R. F.	x.....	2	2
Gayle.....	C.	x.....	000.....	2	x.....	4
xZion.....	L. G.	xx.....	4	4
Wright.....	R. G.	0
xRothwell.....	L. G.	0
				10			15

Time of periods—20 minutes.

Won by Richmond College.

RESUME OF THE SEASON'S GAMES.

Below is a list of the games played by the "Spiders," with the results of each:

- December 4th—Richmond College, 12; Howitzers, 40.
 December 6th—Richmond College, 18; R. L. I. Blues, 10.
 December 11th—Richmond College, 42; M. C. V., 23.
 January 8th—Richmond College, 41; J. M. A. C., 23.
 January 9th—Richmond College, 42; Fredericksburg, 31.
 January 13th—Richmond College, 32; Randolph-Macon, 31 (Championship).
 January 15th—Richmond College, 32; Union Theological Seminary, 21.
 January 22d—Richmond College, 21; Howitzers, 29.
 January 28th—Richmond College, 43; R. L. I. Blues, 21.
 January 31st—Richmond College, 38; Hampden-Sidney, 16 (Championship).
 February 4th—Richmond College, 31; Virginia Christian College, 35.
 February 11th—Richmond College, 41; Hampden-Sidney, 29 (Championship).
 February 12th—Richmond College, 16; Lynchburg Y. M. C. A., 80.
 February 13th—Richmond College, 19; Roanoke College, 50.

- February 14th—Richmond College, 30; Virginia Christian College, 53.
February 18th—Richmond College, 26; William and Mary, 32 (Championship).
February 23d—Richmond College, 35; J. M. A. C., 31.
February 25th—Richmond College, 30; Randolph-Macon, 28 (Championship).
March 4th—Richmond College, 31; William and Mary, 15 (Championship).

RESUME OF THE SEASON.

For the second consecutive time of the collegiate sport season, we can hail the victors of another cup. This is remarkable, but what is more so is the change which has been wrought in the attitude of the College, from its seeming half interest in athletics, as exhibited in the last few years, to one of tremendous activity in the deciding of a new championship. And why this sudden change, one may ask? Again the answer is, we believe, Mr. Dobson. Giving due credit to both championship teams, it is yet apparent to every one that Mr. Dobson has been the dominant factor in the remarkable successes of the season. It has been his fighting spirit, which he has infused into our teams, heretofore said to have been lacking in that very essential constituent, and his head work, which has drawn the team out of a slippery spot time and again. And, with our possibilities unlimited in every direction as we go into our new home the coming fall, it is our hope and desire to carry the man with us who has already become "Our Coach."

The basket-ball team of this year is the first recognized team in that branch of sport ever put in the field by the College. The poor facilities, the difficulties to be encountered in putting a new team before the public, and not having a coach, had made the College wary in regard to the advisability of making the attempt. With the coming of Mr. Dobson, however, the Athletic Association, aware of his ability as a basket-ball coach, and after considering the matter for a length of time, decided it was advisable to put a team in the field, and a manager was forthwith elected.

Mr. Wicker has made the season a success financially, and otherwise, and it was due to his untiring efforts that available floors were obtained for the team to practice on. We say floors, since the team never practiced twice in succession on the same court, with one exception, during the season. And, in behalf of the College and team, we wish to express our appreciation for the use of the courts of the Howitzers, McGill's, and the Blues, and it is our hope that we may be able to extend the same courtesy to them in the future.

When the call for candidates was issued ten men responded, and, with this small nucleus, the coach turned out a team which lost but one game during the collegiate race, and that on a foreign floor. Besides, we finished third in the R. A. A. F. Class A League.

The perseverance of the team was remarkable. Since no regular court was to be obtained, the team practiced on other floors during lunch hour, in the afternoon, at night, and often when most of us were asleep. Surely their sacrifice was greater than any we've heretofore seen at College. And it is emblematic of the new spirit which has taken root in the last year at the old College, and seems likely to stay. The team was built of gentlemen, both off and on the field, and it was a team without "stars," the utter unselfishness of the members making it such.

Victors of 1914, your honor is a championship, and yet the winning of it is small compared with the spirit manifested by you during the past season, in which you overcame almost insurmountable difficulties, and learned to "never say die."

TRACK.

THE RICHMOND COLLEGE-BLUES DUAL MEET.

The annual dual meet between the College and the Richmond Blues was held on the night of February 7th, in the Horse Show building, and was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators.

The management of the Blues, judging from the showing made by the College in the Federation Meet, seemed to think that it would be quite a tame affair from the view-point of the

spectator, but in this they were sadly disappointed. From the time Liggan, the fast dash man for the College, beat Burk out at the tape in the fifty-yard dash, it was one continual round of surprise for the Blues.

Durham finished a close second in the hurdles, with Satterfield trailing third.

In the shot-put Durham easily out-distanced all of his opponents by tossing the twelve-pound shot forty-one feet.

Gary jumped into the lead on the first turn in the 440-yard dash, and won out by a good margin.

One of the prettiest races of the evening was the half-mile run. Burton, the fast half-miler of the Blues, was slated to win, but in Huebi he more than met his match. "Slim" Huebi took the lead on the last lap, and, while Burton seemed to have plenty of "spirit" left, yet he was unable to close up on "Slim," who has so often demonstrated his staying qualities. Klevesahl finished third, and, considering the fact that he had just come out of a fast quarter, made a very creditable run.

Probably the biggest package of surprise handed the Blues during the evening was in the shape of Bahlke, who beat Captain Strother out in the pole vault by a very close margin of three inches. In this same event, Jones, as a "dark horse," finished third. Gary pushed Dick Vaughan, an old Richmond College "miler," to the utmost in the mile run, winning a very close second, with Satterfield at his shoulder, finishing third.

The following summary is taken from the *Times-Dispatch*:

50-Yard Dash—Won by Liggan (College); second, Joe Burk (Blues); third, F. McRee (Blues). Time, 5: 3.

50-Yard Hurdles—Won by Knightly (Blues); second, Durham (College); third, Satterfield (College). Time, 6: 2.

440-Yard Dash—Won by Gary (College); second, F. McRee (Blues); third, Jim Burke (Blues). Time, 1: 01.

880-Yard Run—Won by Heubi (College); second, Burton (Blues); third, Klevesahl (College). Time, 2: 20.

Mile Run—Won by Vaughan (Blues); second, Gary (College); third, Satterfield (College). Time, 5: 20.

Twelve-Pound Shot-Put—Won by Durham (College); second, Isbell (Blues); third, Burke (Blues). Distance, 41 feet.

Running High Jump—Won by Bryan (Blues); second, Heubi (College); third, Durham (College). Height, 5 feet 3 inches.

Pole Vault—Won by Bahlke (College); second, Strother (Blues); third, Jones (College). Height, 8 feet 9 inches.

The relay race, the closing feature of the evening, was won by the Blues' team. All of our men had been in events prior to the race, otherwise there may have been a different story to tell.

The final score stood 38 to 33 in favor of the College.

All credit for success in the above meet should be given to Coach Dobson, for it was only by his untiring efforts that we have been able to turn out a team to compete with a bunch of old "stars" such as compose the Blues' team.

"SPIDER"—BLUES OPEN MEET—FEBRUARY 21ST.

While not pleasing the most fastidious, yet, withal, the "Spider"—Blues meet was the biggest success, from the College standpoint, of any held in Richmond. The building was only fairly well heated, the events were slow in starting, and there was no announcer. Had Manager Carter received the necessary help, however, it would have been a complete success. Considering it was a "one man managed" meet, however, it was a success.

The class of entries were of a high order, Virginia and Georgetown being well represented, as well as the strong independent organizations of the State.

Lending much interest to the meet was the opportunity of having the South Atlantic half-mile and quarter-mile championships run off. In the latter, Gary, of the "Spiders," after a sharp sprint, obtained the pole, and held the lead until the last lap, when Kelley, the South Atlantic 220-yard champion, opened up with a fine burst of speed, and took the lead, Gary sticking closely behind him. On reaching the final curve, Speer, of Virginia, ran outside fully two feet, thus nosing Gary out for second place, Kelly finishing first.

The surprise of the evening, however, was furnished by Klevesahl, of the "Spiders." In the 880-yard open, though he had a handicap on Wiley Cooke, the lanky runner from Vir-

ginia, it was conceded that Klevesahl had not a chance of beating him out. At the start Klevesahl followed Gardner, of the College, for two laps. On the third lap he took the lead, and set a pace which the flying Cooke could not overcome, and finished five yards in front of the latter.

Satterfield ran a pretty race in the 600 novice. After holding the lead for four laps, he was forced to give way to Burton, the Blues' crack half-miler, who finished a good first, Satterfield holding second.

Weideman's performance in the pole vault was the sensation of the evening. This young man from Georgetown succeeded in clearing the bar at 11 feet, 3 inches, and sought to create a South Atlantic record, but was unable to make the necessary distance.

As usual, Durham was "runner up" of points for the College, having one first and two thirds to his credit. In the shot put his work was excellent, over 41 feet being covered. With another year's development, he should make the best all-round athlete in eastern Virginia, since he is a participator in every branch of track and field athletics held here, excepting the pole vault.

Virginia scored the greatest number of points, having 46 to her credit, with the College second, for the first time in the history of track athletics, with twenty (20) points to the good. Georgetown finished third, with nineteen (19).

John Marshall High School won the scholastic trophy, with the Episcopal High School a good second. This gives the former the prep. championship of the State for the first time in the history of the school.

Summary.

The summary of events follows:

50-Yard, Scholastic, Final—Brooke Brewer (N. C. S.), first; McCall (W. F.), second; Harrison (W. F.), third. Time, 5:03.

50-Yard, Collegiate, Final—Walker (U. of Va.), first; Burke (R. L. I. B.), second; Mahoney (C. A. C.), third. Time, 5:03.

50-Yard, Collegiate, Final—Gooch (U. of Va.), first; Wilson (U. of Va.), second; Durham (R. C.), third. Time, 6:01.

50-Yard Dash, Grammar Schools—Thompson, first; Lyda, second; Wyatt, third. Time, 5:07.

50-Yard Hurdles, Scholastic—J. D. Owen (J. M. H. S.), first; S. W. Owen (J. M. H. S.), second; Kinsolving (E. H. S.), third. Time, 6: 03.

Midget Relay, One Lap—Richmond Academy (Cutchins, Garcin, Sheild, Gwatkins), first; Petersburg High School, second. Time, 38.3 seconds.

Shot-Put, Scholastic—Atkinson (J. M. H. S.), first; Hildebrand (McKee's School), second; Jones (W. F.), third. Distance, 39 feet 5 inches.

Boy Scout Relay, Two Laps—Troop No. 2, first. Time, 1:15.

440-Yards, South-Atlantic College All Championship, Open—Kelly (unattached), first; Speer (U. of Va.), second; Gary, (R. C.), third. Time, 1: 03.

Prep. School Relay, One-Half Mile—Benedictine College (Streat, Kain, Binns, and West), first; Petersburg High School, second; Barton Heights, third. Time, 2: 18 5-8.

400 Yards, Scholastic—Brewer (N. C. S.), first; Chipman (B. P.), second; Cornick (E. H. S.), third. Time, 59.1 seconds.

Half-Mile Relay—Chester High School (Bary, Goyne, Strother, Hatcher), first; Driver, second. Time, 2: 23.

Relay Race, Half Mile—Invincibles (Ruskell, Word, Quarles, Taylor), first; First National Bank, second. Time, 2: 18.

Relay Race, Half Mile—Richmond Academy (Shackleford, Spencer, Hill, Roden), first; Fork Union, second. Time, 2: 17, 1-5.

High Jump, Scholastic—Kinsolving (E. H. S.), first; Johnson (J. M. H. S.), second; Atkinson (J. M. H. S.), third. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

880 Yards, South-Atlantic Inter-Collegiate Championship—Norris (U. of Va.), first; Vaughan (Blues), second; Heubi (R. C.), third. Time, 2: 19 4-5.

12-Pound Shot-Put, Collegiate—Durham (R. C.), first; Weideman (G. U.), second; Coleman (Va.), third. Distance, 51 feet 7 inches (10-foot handicap).

440-Yard Handicap, Collegiate—Byrne (Va.), first; Hume (Va.), second; Goodwyn (Va.), third. Time, 58.4 seconds.

Half-Mile Relay—Highland Park (Rennie, Williams, Schweckert, Tyson), first; McGill's, second. Time, 2: 20 3-5.

600-Yard Novice—Burton (Blues), first; Satterfield (R. C.), second; Jenkins (U. of Va.), third. Time, 1: 27.

High Jump, Collegiate—Low (G. U.), first; Weideman (G. U.), second; Durham (R. C.), third. Height, 5 feet 7 inches.

Half-Mile, Scholastic—Cornick (E. H. S.), first; Carter (N. C. S.), second; Parrish (E. H. S.), third. Time, 2: 20.

Bankers' Relay, One Mile—Won by First National (Conrad, Vincent, Burden, Lacy). Time not given.

880 Yards—Klevesahl (R. C.), first; Cooke (U. of Va.), second; Anderson (R. C.), third. Time, 2: 12.

One-Mile Handicap—Finnegan (M. C. U.), first; Tucker (Va.), second; Wright (Va.), third. Time, 4: 53.

Pole Vault—Weideman (G. U.), first; Walker (U. of Va.), second; Robinson (G. U.), third. Height, 11 feet 3 inches.

One-Mile Relay, Collegiate—Maryland Agricultural College (Ruff, Grace, Vincent, Norris), first. Time, 3: 29 $\frac{1}{4}$.

List of Abbreviations.

Tremont Athletic Club—T. A. C.

First National Bank—F. N. B.

American National Bank—A. N. B.

National State and City—N. S. A. C.

Barton Heights—B. H.

McGill's Catholic Union—M. C. U.

Boy Scouts—B. S.

Invincible Athletic Club—I. A. C.

University of Virginia—U. of Va.

Georgetown University—G. U.

Richmond College—R. C.

Maryland Agricultural College—M. A. C.

Catholic University—C. U.

R. L. I. Blues—B.

FIELD DAY.

A few words in regard to the annual "field day" may not seem out of place at this time.

"Field day" is an occasion hailed with rejoicing by the whole student body; even the dignified seniors throw aside their books, and come out to cheer their class-mates on to victory. More

interest is shown this year than ever before, and, since the management purposes to make it a class meet, it will prove all the more interesting.

Points won by any individual will be credited to the class of which he happens to be a member. The class having the largest number of points scored to its credit will be awarded the "field day" trophy.

A movement is on foot to have some alumnus donate a loving cup, somewhat similar to the one presented by Lieutenant-Governor Ellyson, some years ago, for the class base-ball teams. This trophy will be competed for from year to year, and the class winning same will hold it until won by some other class.

As "field day" will probably come this year the first week in May, all men who expect to enter any of the contests should begin early to get in the best possible condition.

BASE-BALL.

Just sixty men have answered Captain Ancarrow's call for base-ball practice—a likely-looking squad, one might remark. Plenty of stuff from which an out-field and in-field can be moulded several times over, with the exception that the one important position of pitcher is as innocent of having an applicant as a new-born babe. Not a single "R" pitcher is back. Last year was fairly successful, considering that one pitcher, "Big" Wiley, bore the brunt of the box work during the entire season. This season, however, we face without a slab artist, unless Flannigan or Duval can be developed. Flannigan has a good arm, but is unable to master his control, while Duval has not had experience enough. There is a possibility of an "unknown" appearing. However, at the present writing we have seen no such indications.

Captain Beal, at short, and "Big" Lewis, the third sacker, will be missed from the in-field. The loss of "Big" Wiley, however, is the one most felt, as he was one of the best pitchers that ever wore the "Red and Blue."

Owing to the inclement weather, only light practice has been indulged in so far, and we have not been able to get a line on the new material. Davis, a new man, however, seems to have the ear-marks of a catcher.

The following schedule has been submitted by Manager Culbert:

March 18th—(Pending).

March 21st—(Pending).

March 24th—William and Mary (exhibition).

March 25th—West Virginia Wesleyan.

March 31st—Staunton Military Academy, at Staunton.

April 1st—V. M. I., at Lexington.

April 2d—W. & L., at Lexington.

April 3d—Roanoke College, at Salem.

April 4th—Randolph-Macon Academy, at Bedford City.

April 9th—Richmond.

April 17th—(Pending).

April 20th—Trinity College.

April 22d—Hampden-Sidney (championship).

April 25th—William and Mary, at Williamsburg (championship).

April 29th—Randolph-Macon (championship).

May 2d—Hampden-Sidney, at Hampden-Sidney (championship).

May 12th—William and Mary (championship).

May 13th—(Pending) (championship).

May 16th—Randolph-Macon (championship).

ALUMNI NOTES.

O. G. Poarch, '14.

And where are the voices of yester' year,
Their laughter, their wit, and words of cheer?

We were glad to again look into the genial faces of Rev. J. G. Barbe, of Bacon's Castle, Va., and George W. Ferrell, of McKenny, Va., when they visited *alma mater* last week.

Hon. G. Stanley Gray, '13, has moved his office from Chesterfield Courthouse to the Times-Dispatch Building, in this city. We wish Mr. Gray much success in his new quarters.

On February 28th the Progressive Democratic League of Virginia was organized. Some old Richmond College men were active figures in its organization, and, in selecting a President for the League, to whom did the Progressives turn but to our esteemed alumnus, John Garland Pollard, the Attorney-General of Virginia.

The city of Richmond, with its numerous attractions, has succeeded in captivating several of our recent alumni by offering them positions in the public schools of the city. O. O. Dietz, B. A., '13; Herman Winfrey, B. A., '12, and Miss Sadie Engleburg, B. A., '13, M. T. Meade, B. A. 13, were unable to resist its allurements, and are this year teaching in the Richmond Public Schools.

Often we are made to rejoice at Richmond churches calling back to the city alumni of our institution. Recently Rev. Hugh Sublett has been chosen as rector of the historic old St. John's Episcopal Church. Rev. E. T. Smith, the newly-installed pastor of Weatherford Memorial Baptist Church, is also an old Richmond College man.

At the last championship basket-ball game with William and Mary, on March 4th, we recognized Messrs. T. Ryland Sanford, President of Chatham Training School, and J. B. Terrell, a member of the Virginia State Board of Education, two of our most loyal alumni. Neither did they refrain from giving vent to their enthusiasm at our winning the first championship basket-ball cup given by the Eastern Collegiate Athletic Association of Virginia.

Since the last issue of *THE MESSENGER* a shadow has been cast over Richmond College by the death of Mrs. Shumate, the wife of Rev. A. L. Shumate, B. A., '11. Her death occurred at Louisville, Ky., where Mr. Shumate was attending the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. *THE MESSENGER* wishes to extend its deepest sympathy to her bereaved husband in this time of sorrow.



Clyde Webster, '14.

It is really a pleasure to read this magazine. It is seldom, indeed, that we find an essay on a musical subject in a men's college magazine, consequently we eagerly turn to the ladies for such articles.

*The
Vassar Miscellany.*

And we are not disappointed when we read "The Symphonic Poems of Richard Strauss." Besides being a well-constructed essay, we are given a clear-cut idea of the originality and genius of the great composer. The point is brought out that, in his symphonic poems, Strauss, contrary to the principle of Wagner, tries, without the aid of actors or stage setting,, "to depict strange and terrible things in music," to depict a battle, for instance, or a struggling soul. By a clear explanation and interpretation of their meaning, it is ably pointed out that "in structure, in rhythmical complexity, in striking harmonies, ugly, bolt, dissonantal, the Strauss symphonic poems are without parallel." Among the stories, which are above the average, we want to compliment "The North." It is a simple, touching story of a young college graduate, who has yielded to his longing for the picturesque solitudes of the frozen North. The writer has succeeded in giving atmosphere to the story, mainly through excellent bits of description. The whole works up to a sad, climactic end.

We are glad to see an essay in the February number on a really live issue of the day. In "Our Naval Extravagance" the

*The
Southern Collegian.*

writer ably sets forth the arguments against the policy of naval expansion. The principal fault is that he does not expand his main points enough, and make separate paragraphs of them. However, his conclusion, by summing

up what has been said, leaves a very definite idea in the mind of the reader. "The Boob and the Goolosh Kid" is a well-constructed and interesting story on an old theme, the struggle for a girl's affections by two young fellows—one a shallow, self-sufficient sport, who, for a while, seems to have the advantage; the other, a quiet, honest, steady young man, who finally wins out. The interest is held throughout. "To Dat Lan'" is a very creditable poem, in negro dialect.

This magazine is up to its usual good standard this month. "The Diary of a College Girl," while cleverly giving some of the college local color, at the same time sustains an interesting plot—as usual, a love affair. "What's in a Name?" is also a love story of merit. The poetry in this issue is quite good, to our mind, especially "Consolation."

The best article in the February issue of this magazine, in our opinion, is the essay on "Thomas Hardy." By excellent examples, Hardy's fatalism is clearly shown; but the author goes on to say that the novelist "believes in the poetic truth of things as he has pictured them, rather than in their actual existence." Then why do Mr. Hardy's books possess such a charm for readers? The writer answers that it is because they are honest—his characters struggle, and because of the great artistic genius of the novelist. "His Red Right Hand" is a story containing mystification without any explanation. We are told that a man is executed, and suddenly he turns up again in a very ghost-like fashion. The story ends, and we are left entirely in the dark. "The Man and the Woman" is good in structure, but the plot impresses us as being rather trite. It is the same old story of the fair heiress, who falls in love with a backwoodsman while they are marooned in a log-cabin during a blizzard. At the last minute her father and brother appear on the scene, and prevent the engagement.

We are glad to see so much verse in the March issue of this

magazine. Indeed, there are no less than nine poems, and most of them are of real merit. Among the stories,

The "The Unknown Grave" is a rather ingenious connected explanation of two seemingly unconnected historical facts—first, *Randolph-Macon* the disappearance, in 1814, of Theodosia *Monthly.*

Burr Alston, wife of Governor Alston, of South Carolina, after leaving Charleston harbor on a voyage to visit her father, Aaron Burr, in New York; second, an unknown grave in Alexandria, Va., bearing an epitaph to a female stranger, who died in February, 1814.

We are glad to add to our exchange list this new magazine from the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and at the same time we wish to congratulate our sister college on its

The decision to publish such a paper. There is no *Firing Line.* way, in our opinion, in which a student can receive more valuable training than by trying

to put into good English his knowledge and ideas, and there is no stronger incentive to him for securing this training than to see in print what he has written. Composition is valuable, not merely to those who hope for a literary career, but even to those who expect to become technical experts. No doubt, many of the experiments carried on in technical courses seem simple and natural enough to the students in such courses; but there are other people to whom these same experiments might be a revelation, and who are eager to read simple and well-constructed essays on those subjects. Get busy, therefore, engineers and geologists, and write some essays. But, remember not to make it too technical. Remember that we are not all engineers or geologists. The chief fault with the magazine this month is that the articles are too short, none of them occupying over two pages. They are more like outlines than like finished compositions. Now and then there are faulty sentences, and the essays, especially, leave the impression of having been worked up from an encyclopedia the night before the English professor's time limit for them expired. "A Nocturnal Romance" might be made into a good story. As it stands, however, it is merely an outline.

There is absolutely no dialogue. In two pages of simple statements, almost equal in length, we are told what happens. Let us have more well-worked-out, original stories. There is, moreover, a woeful lack of poetry. Surely there is some one, even in a technical school, who can write verses, if he try. Get busy!